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OH! HADST THOU NEVER.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY.

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark than fate would prove;
My heart were truly desolate,
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,
While this relief I found:
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from the wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met.

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah! no: that smiling cheek,
Proves more unchanging love for me,
Than labored words can speak.

A Strange Wooing.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN SEARCH OF HIM," "WHICH WAS HER DEAREST?" "UNDER A CLOUD," "A SLEEPING PRINCESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THEY talked of this and that—of Hester's health, Walter's converts, Eynesford's travels. At last the conversation reverted to the question, why had he come to St. Etienne?

"I came to tell you that I am going to be married," said Eynesford simply.

"I told you so!" they both cried out; but Walter supplemented awkwardly, "I don't think you look very festive over it, old man!"

"I don't think mine is what you would call a festive cast of countenance—do you, Hester?" asked Eynesford reflectively.

She laughed, as he had hoped she would.

"I don't see a ghost of a reason why it shouldn't be," she said.

"When a fellow grows up without hearing one word of love—when, from babyhood, everything he does is found fault with, every word he says misconstrued—when, night and day, he is given to understand that nobody wants him—it develops a chronic rankling sense of injustice which sours him——"

"Now, Ranulf! Of all things, don't be weak-minded! I cannot endure the sight of a strong, healthy, capable young man posing before the world as the victim of circumstances. Behold me! I am as nature and my misfortunes have made me. Please don't do it."

"I won't, if it annoys you," returned Ranulf sweetly.

"You are a provoking boy, and it is impossible to scold you," she said, laughing again. "I am too glad to have you sitting there, my Knight of the Doleful Countenance, to be able to upbraid you as I should."

"But I suppose you will look at life differently, Ran, since you have found some one who has been able to perceive your excellent moral qualities through the dense gloom in which you see fit to envelope them—eh?" said Walter.

"I beg your pardon?" questioned Eynesford, astonished.

"It's his delicate way of hinting that you will soon have a wife to appreciate you," explained Hester.

"Ah, I see!" said Ranulf, again tugging at the ends of his moustache. "By-the-bye, I've only performed half my errand. I am going to be married here—at St. Etienne; and I want you to be so kind as to conduct the ceremony, please, Walter."

"What!" exclaimed the brother and sister in unison.

There followed a storm of questions. Who was she? Where did she come from? Why was she to be married in that out-of-the-way place? Did her parents approve?

To all this Ranulf replied with his usual stolidity. She was a Miss Ethel Devon—she came from Grange-la-Croix. She was to be married quietly, as her father had been very ill. Her parents quite approved, and her mother was coming with her.

That was all. When he assumed his haughty air, and was in what Walter called a "literal-statement-of-fact frame of mind," no more was to be said.

Hester, however, was puzzled by this new freak. Accustomed as she had been, ten or eleven years before, to receive his confidences—to be the patient listener to his fierce boyish ravings against his father's injustice and Guy's unkindness—she had yet always felt that there were depths in Ran's nature which she had never touched. She felt this more forcibly than ever, now that he sat beside her, a self-repressed, silent man, prematurely old and world-weary.

Walter presently rose and went out, having to visit a dying woman; so Hester and Eynesford were left *tete-a-tete*.

"How old is Miss Devon, if I am not too bold?" she asked.

"She is just twenty," he answered. If you like, I will show you her portrait."

He took a photograph from his book—a photograph which she had never given him. It was a vignette head; but Hester gazed at it long and earnestly, while the Earl walked over to the window.

"Do you like it?" he asked presently.

"She is beautiful," said Hester admiringly—"beautiful! But, oh, Ranulf, she has a will of her own!"

He paused, remaining silent for a few moments.

"Most women have," he said, at last. "Mine is stronger than hers, I think."

"Do you love her, Ranulf?"

He did not answer; and, as he picked up his hat, Hester saw that his face was clouded, and that the old haughty expression had returned.

"I have gone too far," said Hester softly—forgive me, Ran! I am so fond of you, and I want you to be happy."

"You did not go too far," he replied, taking her hand in his. "It's my confoundedly ungracious manner. I—do love her. Good-bye, Hester!"

* * * * * *

When the old Earl of Eynesford bought the estate of St. Etienne, he had been much distressed by the fact of their being no chapel, nor anything which could be utilized as a chapel, attached to the chateau.

However, no steps had been taken to add one, and, after his first wife's death, he never went near his French property until his beloved elder son became so delicate that residence in a southern climate was deemed absolutely necessary.

Mousse-les-Bains was just then becoming a fashionable resort, and it occurred to the Earl that, if he were to build a small church and appoint a chaplain, it would be a great boon to the many English tourists who frequented the district. The church was completed on Glauvil's coming of age, and the appointment given to Walter Strickland, at Ranulf's urgent request.

The soft, balmy weather continued. Ethel Devon's wedding-day dawned fair and peaceful, the sun shone brilliantly, and a strange calm seemed to reign over St. Etienne.

The villagers were up early to ring the bells in the little English church. Ethel heard them when she awoke; but she did not dream that the bells were ringing for her.

Presently, up-stairs came Madeleine, the pretty French girl who was to be the Countess' maid. She brought a bouquet of superb white roses and maidenhair fern, and a basket of loose white-rose sprays. There was a message from "Monsieur le Comte," asking how mademoiselle found herself this morning.

"Thank Lord Eynesford for the flowers, which are beautiful; and tell him I am well."

Ethel spoke quietly. She was looking pale, but was quite composed. She ate a little breakfast, talked serenely to Mrs. Devon, and made all necessary arrangements with order and precision.

Her mother was intensely relieved, for she had been very anxious over the girl's outbreak of the night before. Twice during that still night she had gone to the door to listen, but, hearing no sound, had crept away comforted.

This morning the girl was more like herself than she had been since their arrival in France. She talked a good deal, sending home special messages to Grace and Nell, and even spontaneously admired the beautiful roses which her bridegroom had sent her.

The time for doubt and hesitation was over. Ethel had fought the fight and conquered, though, when she sought her mother's room on the previous night, she had been perilously near defeat. Now she was determined to go through with everything with a good grace—she had nerved herself, and did not mean to let her self-possession fail her.

When her toilet was completed, she looked strangely beautiful in her fragile loveliness. She was dressed in white soft clinging India muslin, trimmed with delicate lace. She wore a veil of plain white net; Madeleine had fastened sprays of real white roses here and there over her dress, and she carried Lord Eynesford's bouquet in her hand.

Just as Ethel was preparing to go down-stairs, a packet was brought to her. In great surprise she opened it, wondering who could possibly be sending anything to her.

It was a small velvet case, containing a brooch of a cluster of beautiful diamonds, and was accompanied by two cards from the Reverend Walter and Miss Strickland, "with kind regards and congratulations to Miss Devon on her wedding-day."

Ethel was astonished. She knew nothing whatever of the Stricklands, except that she remembered when her mother had asked Lord Eynesford who was to perform the ceremony, he had replied:

"Strickland—the parson here—a friend of mine."

It was pleasant, however, to feel herself remembered kindly by any one, though the congratulations "on her wedding-day" sent a cold shudder through her. She turned to the glass, and fastened the little diamond brooch in her collar.

"Now, I am ready, mother," she said.

Mrs. Devon was becomingly and quietly dressed, in a costume of dark-brown silk. She went with her daughter down the wide staircase into the hall. One or two of the servants were waiting there; the rest were gone to church to see the wedding.

Ethel walked along with bowed head, not once looking round her at the quaint, handsome old hall, with its arched roof, or at the large garden all ablaze with color. She got into the carriage with her mother, and sat perfectly still.

"Mother," she said presently, "will you try to remember exactly what you felt like when you were driving to your wedding?"

"Why, somewhat as you feel, I suspect, my darling; but there was a great difference, for I was marrying your father contrary to everybody's wishes, and I felt—well, you know, he was beneath me; and you are going to marry a man so far above you. And I did not drive, my dear. The churchyard joined the Vicarage, and I walked in, leaning upon my brother's arm, quite simply, and——"

"Is this the church?" interrupted Ethel hurriedly. "I did not think we were so near."

It was a small modern brick church, but very pretty inside, although Ethel saw nothing of it as she walked up the aisle, leaning upon her mother's arm. She noticed nothing till a hand took hers and she recognized Lord Eynesford.

He was looking even graver and more melancholy than usual, and was dressed with scrupulous care.

An organ was playing somewhat softly and sweetly. Twelve small, white-robed choristers came in and took their places. Then Walter Strickland advanced to the chancel steps, and the service began. Ethel was cold, and her hand trembled; but Eynesford's hand was warm and firm, and it held hers with a strong grasp which almost made her cry out in rebellion. She did not raise her eyes to his face; but her voice, as she made the responses, was firm and composed.

It seemed to her hours before the service was over. She felt, as she walked to the vestry, her hand on her husband's arm, as if ages had elapsed since the morning broke. When they had signed the register, and were walking down the aisle together, the organ struck up the "Wedding March."

Near the door the Earl paused. A lady was there, reclining in a wheeled chair.

"Hester, may I introduce my wife? This is Miss Strickland, Ethel.

Ethel's eyes met Hester's soft gray ones, which were overflowing with sympathetic tears.

"I am proud to be the first to wish you joy, Lady Eynesford. I hope you will forgive my freedom; I have thought so much about you, ever since your husband came to tell me of you, the other day! If there is one woman in the world whom I envy at this moment, it is you, if I may venture to say so; and I ought to know, for I have been acquainted with Ranulf ever since he was a little boy in velvet knickerbockers, with an insatiable appetite for fairy tales."

Ethel mechanically made a brief, suitable reply, and thanked Hester for her gift.

"I think you are very good," she said.

"I hope we shall be great friends," said Hester. "I must not keep you now."

They passed on to the door. Mrs. Devon had gone on in the smaller carriage, and the large, old, roomy one, with its pair of grays, was waiting for the bride and bridegroom.

Ethel paused.

"Where is mamma?" she asked, in accents of terror.

"She has gone on—to St. Etienne; you will find her there."

She drew her hand from her husband's arm and held it to her head.

"You know," she said, "I cannot drive in this carriage—shut up all alone—with you!" and suddenly fell back into his arms in a dead faint.

Luckily, the men did not understand English. The Earl lifted his wife in his arms and placed her in the carriage.

"The heat is too much for Madame la Comtesse—she will revive. Drive on," he said.

In the carriage, he lifted the beautiful head and placed it so that it rested on his shoulder, turned back the white veil from the face, let down one window, and allowed the fresh breeze to play on her.

He sat with one arm placed lightly round her, his eyes fixed upon her face with an expression of absolute worship. He held his breath for the first sign of revival, although he treasured every moment that he

could hold her thus.

She did not move, and her lips were as pale as ever. It was at last too much for his self-control. Bending over her, he kissed her passionately, once, twice, thrice, with a repressed earnestness which made him, strong man as he was, tremble.

Presently she sighed, and moved slightly; then he withdrew his arm, allowing her to lean against the cushions of the carriage, while she slowly returned to consciousness.

Just as she sat up they stopped at the door of the chateau, and, with a deep-drawn breath, she realized that her long trial was not yet over. She must nerve herself for further effort, for her mother, tears in her eyes, but smiles on her lips, stood in the doorway to greet her.

The Earl helped her out of the carriage, and she walked up the steps and under the wide arch of the door.

"Welcome to the Countess of Eynesford!" said Mrs. Devon, laughing and sobbing as she embraced her daughter. "Come, my darling, a moment, and sit with me. I won't intrude upon you two one moment longer than is necessary; but I must have you just for the few minutes before I start for the train!"

"So soon?" said Ethel, the false smile disappearing at once from her lips.

"You must have some lunch, Mrs. Devon," broke in the Earl. "It is laid in the dining-room; please come and try to eat something."

"It must be a mere snack then," she replied, "for I don't know what will happen if I miss the train. It is the only one today, is it not?"

"To Paris—yes, I am afraid so. But you have a good three-quarters of an hour yet. Come in!"

He led the way to the dining-room, followed by his wife and her mother. Ethel was divided between a frantic, almost desperate desire to keep her mother with her, and the longing, almost as strong, for her to go, so as to put an end to this terrible necessity for keeping up appearances. She wanted to abandon herself to the full violence of her despair and wretchedness.

Mrs. Devon sat down; the Earl helped her to some cold game, filled her wine-glass, and attended to her wants in general. Ethel went to the mirror, unfastened her bridal-veil, lifted it, with its spray of white rose-buds, and laid it upon the table. Then she went and sat down by her mother's side, leaning an arm upon the table and gazing at her.

"Do you know, I feel quite awkward," said Mrs. Devon, smiling, "to be sitting here when you two must have so much to say to one another! I feel *de trop*—I know you must wish me away. Don't look so reproachful, Ethel! It is quite natural you should, in the circumstances, my child!"

"Lord Eynesford and I shall have boundless opportunities for ascertaining one another's sentiments when you are gone, mother dear," said Ethel, unable to repress a hard unnatural tone in her voice.

"Dear me! Are you always going to address your husband by his title, Ethel? In my opinion, Christian names are so much less stiff. And Ranulf is such a distinguished name! Why don't you call your husband Ranulf, Ethel?"

"Dear mother, do you think the name makes much difference?"

"It does to me," observed Ranulf abruptly.

Mrs. Devon eyed Ethel with a look of reproachful dissatisfaction.

"When I was young, my dearest child," she said gently, "it was not the fashion so completely to conceal one's feelings as seems to be the case now. My dear, don't you suppose I can feel with you? It makes me so unhappy to see you sitting aloof from your husband, as if you hardly knew that he was in the room—and I don't think he can like it either."

She raised the girl's chin and looked smilingly into the blue eyes, dilated with a torture she could not perceive.

"You are a hard-hearted little thing," she went on tenderly, "and have been so all through your engagement! In a few minutes I shall be gone—you will have no mother to bother you; but it would make me so much easier about you if you would just go straight up to your husband and give him a good kiss! I don't know what you may have done in the carriage coming home; but I have never seen you kiss him. Go, darling, and let me have a picture of your happiness to carry away with me."

Ethel rose mechanically. When her whole being was so cruelly racked, what did an extra pang or two matter?

"Anything to please you, mother dearest," she answered, with a light laugh which jarred upon Ranulf's nerves.

He rose, too, and stood looking very grave, as she moved towards him. She crossed the floor, her eyes fixed upon his, with a look which seemed to defy him in any way to take advantage of what she was doing.

Going up to him, she laid her hands unflinchingly upon his shoulders, and raised her face to his. The hatred in her eyes seemed to scorch him.

"Put your arm round me—say something!" she whispered, between her teeth. "Play through this dreadful farce to the end!"

He placed an arm round her in the gentlest of caresses, took her hand in his, and kissed her forehead.

"Will this do for the picture, Mrs. Devon?" he said playfully. "Shall you imagine us occupied thus for the remaining term of our natural life?"

"Bless you both!" exclaimed Mrs. Devon, shedding tears of joy. "Of course I always knew—but you are both so reserved—it is a real comfort to feel sure! Ethel, my darling, come here and kiss me—I must be starting!"

Ethel disengaged herself from her husband's clasp and went to her mother. With hands that did not tremble she helped to arrange Mrs. Devon's bonnet and veil. Then the last farewells were spoken, and the Earl and Countess went to the door to see her enter the carriage.

The last moment was come—the horses started. Ethel, who was standing with hands tightly linked together, made a step forward.

"Mother—don't leave me!"

Mrs. Devon was giving a final direction to the footman, and her daughter's cry was unheeded.

In another moment the carriage was rolling down the avenue. Ethel put her arms on a pillar of the porch, and clung there for a moment, with her face hidden. Then her arms dropped, she straightened herself, and walked quietly into the house.

Lord Eynesford was nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER XIV.

ETHEL had intended to go up-stairs and lock herself in her room; but she felt her strength forsaking her. The door of the drawing-room stood just ajar, so she went in.

The windows were open; but a clear fire burned on the hearth. A little sofa, covered with a white bearskin edged with scarlet, was placed near it.

The room was a large, long, low one, with deep recesses, full of furniture of the Louis Quatorze period. At the further end was an archway, closed with heavy, amber-colored curtains. She wondered vaguely into what room it led; but she was too blinded by grief to notice much.

Closing the door behind her, she crossed the room, and dropped down upon the couch. She was far beyond tears; she only lay still and prostrate, clenching her slender fingers, her eyes closed.

In about half an hour's time there was a tap at the door, and Madeleine entered, carry a tray with an exquisitely-ordered meal upon it.

She was so deeply distressed at the indisposition of Madame le Comtesse. Monsieur le Count had said she was not to be disturbed on any account, but had thought that she might be better for taking something.

"But if I fail to make you eat it, Monsieur le Comte will come himself."

It was a crafty message of Ranulf's. He had calculated rightly as to its effects. Ethel sat up, ate, and drank, and lay back among her cushions feeling, physically, considerably better for the refreshment.

Madeleine put a fresh log on the fire, arranged the white furs about the slender body, closed one of the windows to prevent a draught, placed a vinaigrette and a bottle of *eau de Cologne* on the table near, and departed.

Ethel lay there, wondering how long this rest and liberty were to be allowed her. It was the one thing she seemed to need—to be utterly still, and let the tension of her wearied nerves relax.

She stared at the glowing heart of the fire and out, through the windows, into the autumnal afternoon. Then her gaze wandered over the room itself, and such of the furniture as she could see as she lay. The heavy, black, grand piano, the carved cabinets, the costly bric-a-brac, all passed under her languid scrutiny.

At last the solitude began to tell upon her; she had never been accustomed to be alone. In this strange house, this unfamiliar room, the silence seemed to get more and more intense, till a fantastic delusion that she was the only person in the house came over her.

Suppose this were, in a measure, true? Suppose that it was part of the Earl's plan for humiliating her, to leave her alone—to desert her?

With a feeling of uneasiness she sat up and pushed back her hair, then slowly rose and went to the mirror over the chimney-piece. A dull feeling of wonder as to what she was expected to do next took the place of the first keen edge of her misery.

She pushed back her hair with hot, dry fingers; and, as she did so, a slight sound made her look round. Lord Eynesford stood in the archway, having pushed back the amber-colored curtain.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"You have come in already," answered Ethel, his entrance rousing all her old hatred and antagonism.

He let the curtain fall behind him, and stepped forward. She stood quite still, with one hand upon the mantel, to steady herself.

"Well," she said slowly, "have you come to look upon the ruin that you have made?"

"No; I came to request an interview with you," he answered.

"There is nothing further to be said," replied Ethel. "You have done what you wished; you have carried out your intentions to the letter. You have made me perjure myself in church, and have accomplished the great desire of your heart in parting me for ever from the man who loved me."

"It is quite true," said Ranulf quietly, "that I carried out the dearest wish of my heart when I made it impossible for you to marry Hector Fitzwarrene; but——"

"Are you a man?" she asked, in a voice quivering with passion. "Have you any of the feelings of a man, or are you really a fiend, who delights in inflicting suffering?"

Wringing her hands, she looked from side to side, and continued:

"What am I to do? I cannot appeal to your pity—you have none; but I need not stay to hear you—to bear the cruelty with which you treat me! Our compact is over. I vowed to marry you—I have done so. Now there is nothing more to be done."

"No," he answered, "there is not."

"I have fulfilled my promise?"

"You have."

"You have no further hold upon me ever!"

ed for some moments in astonishment.

"Then we need not continue to weary each other with our presence," she said.

"No."

She cast a distrustful, wondering glance at him. What was the meaning of this unexpected acquiescence.

"I am glad you see things in this light," she began, and then paused again.

"Did you expect I should exact more than you promised? Remember, I never asked for your love."

"You intend, then, to ask no more from me?"

"I will not take anything from you, henceforth, which you do not give freely, Ethel."

She remained motionless, staring at him, while his eyes met hers steadily.

"Then all this pain, all this wreck of my life," she said, in a low, intense tone, "was to satisfy some miserable private grudge! It was to snatch from a man the one hope that made his life bright, and to break a woman's heart! It is noble conduct, Lord Eynesford, and will doubtless bring you much happiness! As for me, it is useless for me to tell you what I think of it—you do not care; and, if I once began, I should break all bounds—I should forget my womanhood, and—curse you! I will not do that. Therefore, no more remains for us to do than to take leave of each other."

"That is all," he answered.

He held out his hand, and, after an instant's hesitation, she gave him hers. He spoke, still holding it.

"There is one thing I should like to do before we part. I came here to ask you to let me do it. Once, some time ago, you asked me for the motives of my conduct. I could not give them then; but I should like to now, if you can so far control yourself as to listen."

"The motives for your conduct? I know them! Hatred of Mr. Fitzwarrene, and the desire to punish me for the foolish and presumptuous manner in which I used to speak to you."

He smiled.

"Is it really possible you thought I was actuated by a motive so poor and trivial as that?"

"Your whole conduct has been such a mixture of caprice and brutality that I should not be surprised at anything!"

"May I make my feeble attempt to explain what looked like caprice? Even a criminal accused of murder is allowed counsel for his defence."

"Speak!" she said, seating herself on the end of the couch, and leaning her chin upon her hand while she gazed at the fire.

He fetched a low chair and sat down. She was puzzled at the alteration which seemed to have taken place in him. Hitherto his manner to her had been cold, hard, almost mocking. It was as though he too had flung off some restraint which he had been putting upon himself. His voice was low, his manner eager, almost deprecating, as though he felt that much might hinge on every word he uttered.

"I am afraid I must trouble you with a brief retrospect," he said.

"After all I have borne from you, I should not be likely to dare to object to so trifling a matter!"

He pulled his moustache—perhaps to hide the pain he felt. Then he said abruptly:

"You probably have heard that I had not a happy home. I dare say it was my own fault—no doubt you will think so; but the fact remains that neither my father nor my brother loved me; and the fact of my own unlovableness being the cause did not seem to mitigate the pain of it. When I was not much more than one-and-twenty, I fell in love. I believed then, and I believe still, that my love was returned; but, while I was making up my mind to speak, my brother came upon the scene—he who was one day to be an earl. My idol engaged herself to him. No doubt, if I had been right-minded, I should have forgiven; but I was bitter and sullen, and I hated them both. In the height of my wrath and bitterness, my brother was killed—you know how—you have read the headstone at Grange-le-Cross often enough. Then my father died, and I felt weary of the world and everything in it. I traveled—everywhere. It seemed to be the only way to quiet my restlessness. I have been to places where no English foot had ever trod before, I have had innumerable escapes, adventures enough to fill a volume; but I was never happy nor satisfied. One day news came to me that I was being robbed right and left by my agent in England. Smitten with self-reproach, I went home to visit my long-neglected estates. It was evening. I went into the churchyard to look at Guy's grave, and it seemed to me as if the angel of pardon and peace had come down to earth with the sunset, and knelt by the cross at his head. Ethel"—his voice wavered a little—"from that moment I loved you! I knew then that, even if I never saw you again, always, always afterwards there would be but one face in the world for me!"

Ethel dropped her hands into her lap, and turned her face towards him in sheer astonishment.

"Did you know it?" he asked.

"No; strange to say, I did not!" she replied, laughing derisively.

"You do not believe" he said gently; "I am not surprised at that. On that very evening, at your father's house, I met a young man named Fitzwarrene. I had known him before—abroad. He was then engaged to a very pretty English girl—a Miss Vane. The match was disliked by her parents, for the reason that he was—well, he was in the habit of drinking more than was good for him. Miss Vane believed in him—and indeed his engagement seemed to have sobered him. One night, I don't know how it happened—whether he was feeling ill, or whether he was reckless, I can't tell—but he came into her presence slightly the worse for—it. She was horrified. She had always refused to believe the stories that were told of him, and I dare say he—poor wretch!—had often sworn to her that they were lies. She ran out of the room, and, not being well acquainted with the stairs at the hotel, slipped, and fell down a whole flight. I happened to be on the staircase at the time, and I carried her into the room again. Of course it sobered him instantly, and he went for the doctor. She had injured her skull. Erysipelas set in; and, within a fortnight, she was dead.

"Ethel, I knew that Fitzwarrene was a man who would break his wife's heart. When I saw him at your side, your slave, I vowed that he should never have the chance of ruining your life as he ruined Miss Vane's. I made careful, though secret inquiries in the neighborhood, and I found that he had not abandoned his old habits. What could I do? Tell you—warn you? You had already taken a dislike to me; you would not believe the story. I had the sight of that poor girl, Miss Vane, always before my eyes. I could not leave you to her fate; but I knew how blind women are when they love, and I knew you would not listen to me. Then this scheme flashed

across my mind; I would make use of the hold I had upon your father—I would bind you by a promise. I would make you mine by law, and then I would set to work with unwearied patience to make you mine by love.

"Ethel, all this does not excuse, but surely you will admit that it partly explains my conduct. For pity's sake put yourself for a moment in my place. Try to think what I felt—a man with none to love me, deeply, passionately in love, with your face always present to me, your voice ever in my ears! Think what it was to see you daily approaching nearer to an engagement with a man who was intemperate, a man who would never make you happy! I pictured your short dream of love, and the awful, gradual awakening which would come, when you found that your idol was but clay; and my heart cried—'Is it not better that she should begin by thinking me everything that is vile, and awaken gradually to the fact that, however faulty, I am hers alone, and that there is nothing I would not do for her sake?'"

He paused for a few moments. Ethel did not move; her eyes were still averted, fixed upon the fire.

"I gave Fitzwarrene fair warning," he went on.

"You did?" exclaimed Ethel, starting slightly, and turning her face towards him.

"I did. I was not quite mean enough to begin to fight without declaring war. I invited him to lunch with me. He came—very much on the defensive. He was prepared to do a good deal to obtain my silence; but he would not promise to give up either you or his vicious habits. I told him plainly that, unless he gave me a properly signed document to the effect that he would entirely abstain from alcohol for the future, I would prevent his ever marrying you. He laughed at me; he did not think I could do it. He knew that, if I said anything to you, you would not believe me; and he knew your father well enough not to fear his withholding his consent to your marriage with Sir Hugo Fitzwarrene's heir, drunk or sober. But he did not dream of the course I meant to take. It never occurred to him that I should outbid him—my certain earldom against his prospective baronetcy. He was of necessity ignorant of the secret hold I had over yourself too.

"Had I not loved you, Ethel, as a man loves but once, I should never have dared to save you in the desperate way I have. Heaven grant that I have not made you miserable for the rest of your life! Even now I feel that, had I known your force of will, and the deadly power of your hatred, I should scarcely have taken the step I did; but, once my mind was made up, I would not draw back. I was determined to save you, in spite of yourself!

"The very night before Fitzwarrene met you in my park, he had come back from the Grange races, having taken more drink than was good for him. That gave me strength to hold out when you came to me. May I never suffer again as I suffered then! Didn't you see—is it possible you did not know what I felt—how I could have taken you in my arms, and cried to you to be happy, to rest content with my passionate love! Ethel, I may have been wrong, mistaken, mad—I may have made a fatal error; but the fact remains, whatever I did was done for you, and you alone; and I would suffer as much again to save you from the fate of being Fitzwarrene's wife!"

He had risen from his chair in his excitement, and had drawn nearer to her. He bent over her and excitedly uttered the last words in her ear; for he had risked a great deal on the effect of this explanation. He waited with feverish anxiety for what she might say.

Of all the lines of conduct she had imagined that Lord Eynesford might pursue, this, that he should make love to her, had never occurred to her. And that he should seek to strengthen his case by vilifying the character of his rival! It was so contemptible, she told herself. Yet his words had a ring of truth in them which stung her and excited her anger. She raised her white, set face.

"You expect me to believe your word—your simple word, against a man I loved!" she said. "Do you really think me so credulous as to take this tale from the lips of one against whom a far graver accusation is brought?"

He was absolutely silent for a while; then, in a low horror-stricken tone, he asked:

"What is that you say?"

"Do you suppose I have not heard what every one thinks of you?" she said, bringing out her words with cruel deliberation. "Do you suppose I do not know the suspicion which rests upon you? And do you suppose I would take your word against one I love and trust?"

"You have heard—that?" he said, at last, after another pause, in a strained, husky voice. "It is false to say that every one thinks it of me. There are not two people alive base enough and mean enough even to whisper such a thing! If you heard that such was the general belief, you heard it from Fitzwarrene!"

She could not repress a slight start.

"He is the only man round Grange-le-Cross who is cur enough to utter such a vile slander!" continued Eynesford, his voice tremulous with passion. "So that is what you have been thinking of me all this time, is it? No wonder you hated me—no wonder!"

He went to the high mantelpiece, rested his hands upon it, and dropped his forehead upon them.

Ethel sat still. She had nothing to say; she could hardly reflect. It was so painfully true that it was from Fitzwarrene, and Fitzwarrene only, that she had heard that story. She clasped her hands and gazed into the fire.

The sound of a bell pealing rang through the house. Neither of them moved. A few minutes went by, then there was a tap at the door.

"If you please, my lord, a young man has just brought this paper, and waits for your answer. I told him you were specially engaged; but he says it is most urgent."

Eynesford glanced over the letter; and immediately his face changed, his eyes dilated.

"That it should come at this moment of all others!" he cried triumphantly; and he handed the paper to Ethel.

It ran thus:

"If Lord Eynesford is still interested in the solving of the mystery on which he has had detectives, English and French, employed for years, let him come to Paris at once, without delay, under the guidance of the bearer of this. The affair requires the utmost promptitude. The loss of a day would most likely be fatal, and prevent the rendering up to justice of a most notorious criminal. Success is almost certain if his lordship will be prompt."

Ethel read it through, and raised her eyes to his face.

"It is my chance at last—at last!" he exclaimed, and hurried out of the room.

The girl clasped her hands round her knees and waited, half-stupefied. In about ten minutes he returned.

"It is all right," he said; "I shall start for Paris at once. I am going to prove my truthfulness to you, Ethel! If I come back with my name cleared in the eyes of the world, with this stigma removed, will you believe that what I told you just now was true?"

"Yes, I will!" she answered, after a moment's pause.

"I have your word," he said solemnly, his face set with calm determination, his eyes gleaming brightly. "I leave you then, for a few days. I do not think I need fear that you will miss me; there are plenty of servants, and Miss Strickland is within easy reach of you. Will you stay here till my return, Ethel?"

"I will."

"Here is my Paris address," he went on—"the hotel I always stay at. Take it; you may want it."

She took the piece of paper, and looked up at him slightly bewildered. She had not often gazed full and intently into his face, but the expression of it now caused a wave of a hitherto unknown emotion to sweep over her.

It was pale and steadfast, the eyes looked deep and tender; but there was a firmness about it which commanded respect. In every point he was different from her preconceived idea of him. She felt as if he were a stranger whom she had just met for the first time.

"I think the time is coming when you will acknowledge that you have treated me with injustice, Ethel," he said. "Now I must go. Good-bye, and Heaven bless you! Will you say 'Good-bye'?"

Her eyes drooped.

"Good-bye!" she said.

He stood still, wondering what he would do. At last, without a word, he went from the room. She heard the sound of his footsteps ring along the hall, and then she realized that she was left alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TIME is like a ship which never anchors; while I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, than practise such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore.

THE NAMES OF STATES.

Maine—From Province of Maine, France.

New Hampshire—From Hampshire county, England; was originally Laconia.

Vermont—From *Verd* and *Mont*—Green Mountain.

Massachusetts—Indian, meaning "The country about the great hills."

Rhode Island—Unknown; supposed to be named after the Isle of Rhodes, also from the Dutch, "Red Island".

Connecticut—Mohican — Quon-ek-ta-cut.

New York—In compliment to the Duke of York.

New Jersey—After the Isle of Jersey.

Pennsylvania—From William Penn and "sylvania" woods.

Delaware—From Thomas West, Lord Delaware.

Maryland—From the Queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria.

Virginia—From Queen Elizabeth—the "Virgin Queen".

North and South Carolina—In honor of Charles IX. of France.

Georgia—In honor of George II. of England.

Florida—Named by Ponce de Leon to commemorate the day of his discovery, *Pasquas de Flores*, or Feast of Flowers, or Easter Sunday, as we call it.

Alabama—From the Indian—Here we Rest.

Mississippi—From the Natchez Indians—signifying "Father of Waters."

Louisiana—In honor of Louis XIV. of France.

Texas—From the Indian "Tehas," signifying Paradise.

Ohio—From the Indian—"Very white with froth," and "stream."

Indiana—From the word Indian.

Illinois—From the Indian *illini*, and French *ois*—meaning "tribes of men."

Michigan—From the Indian—meaning "Lake Country."

Wisconsin—From the Indian—"Wild rushing channel."

Minnesota—From Dakota language, meaning "Cloudy or sky water."

Tennessee—From the Indian—"River of the big bend."

Kentucky—From the Indian—"At the head of the river."

Arkansas—Kansas—From the Indian and Arc from the French; pronounced Ark-an-saw.

Nebraska—From the Indian—"Shallow water and flat country."

Colorado—From the Spanish, meaning red.

Nevada—From the Spanish, signifying "Snow-clad."

California—Supposed to be derived from Cortes and by him from an old Spanish Island in romance, meaning "An abundance of gold." Another suggested origin is from the Spanish, meaning "Hot furnace."

Oregon—From the Indian—"River of the West." In 1578 Sir Francis Drake called this portion of the continent "New Albion."

Dakota—From the Sioux, signifying "Many headed," or many in one government; referring to numerous Sioux tribes under one chief.

Montana—From the French, meaning mountainous.

Idaho—From the Indian—"The gem of the mountains."

Utah—From the Indian—"Contented people." By the Mormons called, "Deseret," signifying "Virtue and Industry."

Arizona—From the Indian—"Blessed Sun."

New Mexico—From the Aztec, denoting "The habitation of the God of War."

Wyoming—From the Indian—"Wide Plain."

WE are continually deceived because we are so much inclined to take things for just what they seem. You have seen a showman sink into a tank of water with a lighted cigar in his mouth, and, after remaining at the bottom half a minute or so, during which smoke comes up through the water, emerge with the cigar still between his lips, unextinguished? Of course you have. And you had no doubt that he was really able to smoke under water. But a showman, who has retired on the profits of gulling the public, now tells how it is done. Says he: "Just as I threw myself backward to go down, I would flip the cigar, end for end, with my tongue and upper lip, and get the lighted end in my mouth, closing my lips water-tight around it. A little slippery elm juice gargled before going in prevents any accidental burning of the mouth. Going slowly down backward, I would lie at full length on the bottom of the tank and blow smoke through the out end of the cigar. Just as I reached the surface again another flip reversed the cigar, and there I was smoking calmly. The reversing is done so quickly that nobody notices it."

Bric-a-Brac.

PREVIOUS ACQUAINTANCE.—In China a previous acquaintanceship between the male and female prevents them from marrying. For this reason a man seldom weds a girl of his own town. Chinamen are likewise prevented from marrying kins-folk or namesakes. Joneses are not allowed to marry Joneses, or Smiths to marry Smiths.

ABOUT STAMPS.—A correspondent writes: "I have lately been informed of how the perforation of postage and receipt stamps came into force. It would appear that a reporter who was commonly known about London by the name of "Fire" Fowler—simply from his doing the fires for the London papers—wanted to tear a piece of paper into some particular shape. He had no knife or scissors, so he hit upon the plan of perforating the paper in numberless holes with a pin, thus enabling him to dissever the paper. Some one seeing the process at once seized the idea, and to this we are indebted for this clever invention.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.—The custom of the bride wearing a veil on the occasion of her wedding is, without doubt, of Eastern origin. Amongst Anglo-Saxons it was held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom to hide the blushes of the happy lady from the company. This little compliment was not paid to a widow on her remarriage, as her blushes were supposed to have been exhausted. This custom was gradually superseded by the Eastern and more graceful practice of wearing long, sweeping, gauzy veils. How the orange blossom first came to be used at marriages is veiled in obscurity. In France, this custom is a matter of much pride and importance, inasmuch as it is a testimonial of purity, and of integrity and morality in the character of her relatives. In the province of Franche Comte, to wear the orange blossom is considered a sacred right, obtained by undoubted character, and, as such, proudly maintained. Should any act of imprudence in early life, implying even a suspicion of taint upon the honor of the maiden, be known, the use of the orange blossom is sternly forbidden.

ST. ANDREW.—St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland, and was martyred by crucifixion, A. D. 60 at Patræ, in Achaia; three hundred years later his day was ordained a festival by Pope Ursinus. Amongst Scotchmen, his day, November 30th, is observed as a period for reunion all over the world. It is said that the Order of Thistle was founded in honor of St. Andrew, about the year 800, by Archaius the First, King of Scotland. That Monarch had made an alliance with the great Charlemagne, taking for his device a thistle. It is stated that King Hungus, the Pict, had a dream, in which St. Andrew paid him a midnight visit, and promised him a sure victory over his foes, the Northumbrians. On the next day a St. Andrew's Cross (X) appeared in the sky, and victory followed the King's arms. It was on this event that Archaius founded the Order of the Thistle. Formerly, St. Andrew's cross was affixed to the doors of rooms as a sign that those within wished to be private, and had no intercourse without.

ETIQUETTE IN SWEDEN.—All through Swedish social intercourse is encumbered with much ceremonious etiquette, particularly among the landed gentry. They employ the two personal pronouns "thou" and "you;" the first familiarly, the second when speaking to a mere acquaintance. But a well-bred Swedish gentleman addressing a stranger will always, with old-fashioned courtesy, substitute the equivalent for "Monsieur," regardless of harrowing repetitions, and where a title is demanded, even under the difficulties of rapid speech, it is never for a moment omitted. As such politeness, however, in the end becomes both monotonous and wearisome, they have a practical way of cutting the Gordian knot. When a casual acquaintanceship has ripened into genial sympathy or mutual respect, your Swedish friend at once proposes "a brotherhood." This is a distinct social ordeal, the initiation to which demands a special rite. The man who has requested the honor of becoming your brother provides you with a glass of wine filled to the brim, he himself holding another; both rise, each linking the right arm of each, looking one another boldly in the eyes and pronouncing the words "your health, brother!" the beakers are emptied. Henceforth you are expected to use the pronoun "thou," and you take your stand on the footing of relationship.

ONE of the problems that puzzle childhood: How the angels get their nightdresses over their wings.

SLANDER.

BY WM. W. LONG.

A dark assassin, who in the midnight hour,
(When earth hath sank to quietude and rest,)
With stealthy step comes in your room,
And stains with gore a spotless breast.

It is the fiend who lays a slimy hand
Upon the brow of Innocence, then departs
To plunge its foul, polluted dagger
To the hilt in Honor's noblest hearts.

It is the blight that paleth Beauty's cheek,
The trailing serpent in a vale of flowers;
It taints the air ambrosial of heaven,
And leaves a stain in Virtue's holy bowers.

Oft have I seen this spawn of death,
With countenance benevolent and mild—
This dark and deadly fiend, with face serene,
Making the boldest tremble when he smiled.

I've seen it weep with sorrow's child,
And sigh as though its heart would break;
Its tears were deadlier than the Upas leaves,
Or cypress from Inferno's burning lake.

Back to thy slimy cave of darkest night;
Vile leper of the human heart;
Thou art worse than death to the pure soul
That feels thy blasting dart.

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. VICAT opened the door of his son's sitting-room, and called out very sharply—

"Gilbert, are you ready?"

There was no answer; then he entered the room and saw it was empty. The bed-room within, communicating through an ante-chamber, was also empty.

Beyond this was a small room which had been fitted up as a laboratory.

The door of this was closed, but there issued from it a sweet and pungent odor which drove Mr. Vicat back from it with a look of fear and disgust on his face.

"At his experiments again," he said contemptuously, "and thinking more of them than of love or money. A queer fellow indeed, only fit to be a wizard as he is! I wonder what ghost he is raising now. Well, I'll wait five minutes."

So, watch in hand, Mr. Vicat waited.

The five minutes appeared to him an hour, yet he kept his word with himself, and did not go to the door again till they had passed away into the great eternity of vanished time.

And now he struck a sharp blow upon the panel, and cried angrily on his son's name.

A dead silence answered him. His face paled, partly with anger and partly with fear, and with strong hand and knee he forced open the door with sudden wrench.

But he paused upon the threshold for one ghastly moment in the uncertainty of a horrible dread.

Stretched upon a couch near the window, with the pale London sunshine streaming on his face, Gilbert lay dead.

After that single instant of doubt, Mr. Vicat recognized the terrible truth, and, striding forward with panting breath and shaking lips, he laid his hard hand upon his son's breast.

There was no answering heart-beat to that cold touch, there was no breath issuing from the poor pale lips.

Mr. Vicat raised his livid face from the vain search for life, and gazed around him with eyes from which for a moment all meaning had fled.

The atmosphere was filled with a pure white smoke, which wreathed and curled all around and about him, and from the midst of it he saw—or seemed to see—the pale phantom of a battle, and amid the shadowy swords, amid the confusion that waved and rolled about him, stood Harold Oliver, unsheathed.

Mr. Vicat fell upon his knees, and his hair rustled on his head. He crawled to the door, passed through and closed it.

In the outer room, away from that strange cloud, he recovered himself, and wiped his clammy forehead with a shaking hand.

"The man Oliver is dead and buried; Gilbert has killed himself in raising his ghost. No, it is all fancy! That stuff in there which he has been burning crazes the brain. I believe I lost my senses through it. And now what is to be done? Must all my schemes perish through this?"

He glanced at the closed door with a look of fear, then, rising, he stole away quietly, shutting every door behind him with noiseless hand.

In the same cautious way he crept downstairs to the dining-room, where he took brandy from the sideboard and drank a glassful quickly.

Then he went to Estrild, who was still waiting for his summons. By this time he was calm and resolved.

"My dear, we must go to the ship without Gilbert. He is not well this morning; he will follow us later. The clergyman will wait till he comes. You do not mind your wedding being delayed an hour or two?"

Mind? Why did the tightness at her heart suddenly cease? Why did the cold apathy which had overpowered her change now to a glow of life?

Was it because she was glad of such a slight reprieve as this? In another instant she reproached herself with selfishness. Oh, she was happy—certainly she was happy—in the thought of saving Gilbert! It was the only happiness left to her; it was a duty, and she would never think of it with regret.

"I am ready to go," she said, "if you think it best."

It had been arranged that the marriage ceremony should take place on board the Venture, the special license permitting it; this had been done from fear of Mrs. Vicat's and Carrie's interference, Mr. Vicat feeling that their presence might lead to results inimical to his interests.

So all arrangements had been finished, and luggage sent to the ship before Carrie's return.

Mr. Vicat stood by at the farewell between Mrs. Vicat and Estrild. The poor frightened woman strained the girl in her arms and whispered a blessing over her. More she dared not say; but her heart was big with fear.

"Carrie shall come on board and wish you good-bye," said Mr. Vicat, when Estrild, looking round, asked for her eagerly. "She seems to be out now."

Estrild descended the stairs, and then Mr. Vicat hurried back to his wife.

"Anne, when I am gone, send at once for a doctor; I have just seen Gilbert, and he is very ill."

"And he is not going with—with you?" exclaimed his wife.

"No; he will follow us if better. But he is very ill—I have not told Estrild how ill."

"Then perhaps there will be no wedding?" said Mrs. Vicat hopefully.

"It is possible. I hope that will comfort you."

She stared, not understanding him; but he had closed the door, and was gone.

He placed Estrild in the carriage waiting for them; and then followed a long silent drive, for the girl wept quietly, and the man gazed from the window with hard set face, or at times gnawed his fingers as though tormented by fiendish thoughts.

Down by the river, through narrow streets, past busy wharves and forests of tall masts, towards broader and broader reaches of the Thames, till the ship was at last in view.

"There is the Venture!" cried Mr. Vicat, rousing himself as if from deep thought. "You will find your money is well spent, Estrild—she is a floating palace."

"I am glad for Gilbert's sake," she answered; and she looked with interest at the ship—the dream-ship—that was to bring him health and fame.

A boat awaited them, whose crew rowed them swiftly to the Venture, and on the deck the Captain came forward to greet them.

Everything was strange to Estrild, but this man was strangest of all. He was unlike a seaman, and his face wore the furtive aspect of a creature who had long lived in fear—who had looked behind him in trembling, and had peered and peeped and quivered at shadows.

"Where is the invalid young gentleman?" he asked, looking down into the boat as if to search for him.

"He was not able to come with us," said Mr. Vicat, paling a little.

"Ah, I remember you told me he must have a carriage expressly arranged for him! Not able to sit up long! Poor fellow, I hope the voyage will restore him. He will join the young lady soon, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes," said Mr. Vicat, with a smile that flitted across his lips in an ugly way. "My niece and son will soon be united."

Estrild walked to the side and leaned over the bulwarks, looking down into the water.

The misgiving at her heart was filling her with fear; her enthusiasm had faded; she longed for a sight of Gilbert's face, that, in seeing it, she might feel again that she was right to sacrifice herself to see him.

"Come down, my dear, and see the cabins," said Mr. Vicat. "And I want to introduce you to the Captain's wife. It will be pleasant for you to have a lady with you, so I was glad to give him leave to take her. There is a stewardess too—a very clever woman, they tell me—engaged about an hour ago. They had a difficulty in finding one for such a long voyage."

The cabins were beautiful, and Estrild admired them, her mind dwelling constantly by an effort on the result to be attained for Gilbert through this ship—this long voyage which stretched before her in darkness.

"Isn't the ship lovely, miss?"

And Estrild turned at the sudden voice, and saw the Captain's wife, a pale-haired woman, with pale eyes also, but so full of light that they seemed to hide a fire behind them.

Determination sat upon her strong jaw and firm lips, and her light hair waved about her head like flames.

Estrild shrank from her for a moment, but she had a pleasant smile and a sweet voice, and these overcame the repugnance.

"Yes; and the ship has cost a lovely price," said Mr. Vicat, with a sort of ghastly gaiety.

"Then I hope she is insured," laughed the Captain's wife.

No one answered; and Mr. Vicat now held out both hands to Estrild in an awkward way, a little laugh on his lips, but his face drawn and pale.

"My dear, I had better leave you now. I am a little anxious about Gilbert. The clergyman will be here in a moment; and—and, you see, he is not arrived."

Estrild uttered not a word; her hands lay in his, lifeless—something was heavy at her heart. Gilbert's coming seemed to her now a terror; he was right in rejecting this marriage; perhaps he meant never to come. The faint hope was a relief to her pent-up heart, and her tears fell. One touched Mr. Vicat's hand, and he started back as though it burnt his flesh.

In another moment he was gone, and Estrild was left alone with the captain's wife.

* * * * * *

Evening was fast fading into night before Mr. Vicat re-entered his home. He found his wife with face swollen from weeping, her aspect full of terror and grief.

"Gilbert is dead," she said, without looking up at him.

"I knew it before I left," he answered.

"And yet you took Estrild to that ship! Oh, Mr. Vicat, what have you done?"

"What have I done?" he echoed fiercely. "I have saved you from the workhouse and your children from the streets. Don't you know I am on the verge of bankruptcy and ruin? But for Estrild's money, the smash would have come long ago. Gilbert's little fortune went last year. I told him so—perhaps that killed him."

"No," answered his frightened wife, "it was smoke—the drugs he was burning; the doctor said they were very dangerous."

"Well, well," said Mr. Vicat soothingly, "I am sorry; but the poor fellow's life was not worth much to him—it would be foolish to grieve."

"Estrild fancied his life was worth millions to others, or she would never have agreed to your schemes. Mr. Vicat, I implore you to tell me the truth. Is she safe? Is the ship safe?"

"Safe?" he repeated, with a laugh. "Of course she is! At all events, there'll be no accident in the river or the Channel, for the Captain has engaged a skilled pilot, who was to come on board when I left and take them safely to the Land's End."

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Vicat, drawing a great breath of relief. "I—I don't know what I have been fearing or thinking. Now I can let you read this!"

She pushed a letter towards him which had been hidden by her work; he took it in his hand, saw Carrie's writing, and read this—

"Dearest Mother,—I am on board the Venture with Estrild. I offered myself as stewardess, and was accepted by the Captain's wife. Do not grieve; remember what I said this morning—that I was doing right. Tell father I am here!"

Mr. Vicat laid the letter down with a shaking hand. His face was utterly colorless to the lips, which stood over his teeth quivering, not covering them.

For an instant he stood dazed, his distended eyeballs glaring at his wife, yet not seeing her.

She rose in terror, and seized him by the arm; but he burst from her, rushed to the door, and fled out into the street.

It was a stormy night, but he bent his livid face against the rain, not feeling it, not staying his hurried steps till he reached the nearest posting house. Here he ordered a chaise and four horses.

"Five guineas," he cried to the post-boys, "if you can reach Gravesend in time to catch my ship the Venture!"

On through the sullen night, the darkness, the splashing rain they dashed with headlong speed, yet to him the pace seemed never fast.

He looked out upon the diminishing lamps, and to keep back his rushing thoughts he counted them till the last was gone.

But, when the country road was spread out before him, dimly lighted by a clouded moon, he saw a ship in every shadow—a ship foundering at sea, and the boats stealing away with a traitor crew.

Carrie—the human being who had a grasp upon his cold heart—Carrie! Could he—might he save her yet?

It was infernal, this breaking up of his well-laid plans—the loss of fortune—this ruin now staring him in the face—yet it was all nothing if he could save Carrie, if he could countermand those secret orders whispered in a fiend's ear.

Could it be his wife's prayers that had ruined his great scheme? Strangely enough, as he asked himself this question, he felt a touch of comfort in thinking she had said, "God prosper the good ship!"

Then he took to saying these words over and over again, till they lost all meaning, and he laughed aloud, and caught himself back from idiocy with a sudden shock. This sobered him, and he wrenched his mind away from the ship and from his daughter.

But now, instead of the surging sea and sails sinking, sinking ever lower, another vision tormented. In every flash of the carriage-lamps upon the rain-glistening hedge he saw his dead son's face—the son whom he had crippled, and hated ever after—the son at whom he had scoffed and jeered, and for whom no tear had dimmed his hard eyes. Yet at this dread moment of his life he almost called aloud to him for help; he stretched gaunt hands wildly towards the vision of the pale, spiritual face, and whispered with white lips:

"Oh, that your dream was true, and I could flash a message through the lightning, or, like a sorcerer, fling my words upon the air to reach her ear!"

Then he checked himself again, feeling that his brain was quivering between reason and unreason.

"Poor boy!" he said, giving his son a pitiful thought at last. "He was doubtless a little mad—a dreadful thing to stand upon the balance and know not if the sound or unsound shall weigh you down; yet, if he were living, I should go to him for help. He could do strange things."

The light of a lamp gleamed upon the carriage window. Gravesend was reached, and brain and heart were beating again with the agony of his impatience and fear.

Down by the river, with fevered questions and answers from slow bargemen or lazy lookers on.

A ship gone past—the Venture? Oh, yes, she sailed down hours ago—went with a fair wind—must be well out at sea by now!

Sick at heart as Jephthah was when his daughter came to meet her death with dance and song, the miserable man turned away from the dark river, and went back to his inn, believing, disbelieving, stopping to question again and again, then going on with ever heavier and heavier thoughts.

There was still one hope left—Portsmouth.

The pilot might be landed there, and he would go out to the Venture in the boat signalled for, and drag his daughter away to safety and to land.

A sort of rage possessed him in the fever of this hope, and he felt that he could and would save Carrie only; the other—the girl who had caused this agony—should go on in the doomed ship in spite of clinging arms or wild cries for pity.

He ordered out fresh horses, and meanwhile wrote a lying letter to his wife.

Urgent business called him away. He might be absent two or three days. If an inquest was demanded on his son, she must keep secret the fact that he was aware of his death when he left the house that morning.

He would bring Carrie home with him—this was certain—quite certain—he would bring her home.

And she had better see Tom, and ask him if he knew——

Here he dashed down his pen, for his eyes were bloodshot with rage, and he longed to have his hands on the throat of the man who had helped his daughter to her death.

"The horses are put to, sir."

He addressed his unfinished letter, sent it to the post, paid for the discharged chaise, and once more journeyed on through the storm-driven night.

At Portsmouth, at Lloyd's—where they telegraphed to Southampton in the old way, forgotten now—he could learn no tidings of the ship, except that she had passed in full sail.

He lingered, he waited, he asked countless question on pier and strand, till he was pointed out as the madman who had lost his ship. Then he turned homewards, singing and talking to himself as the chaise rattled on through the long miles to London.

* * * * * *

A haggard man, with white hair, appeared like a spectre before a sad woman sewing at her mourning-dress; and, looking round eagerly, he said.

"Is Carrie come home?"

"Oh, Mr. Vicat, you know she is on board the Venture!"

"Yes—gone to her death, unless she tells them she is my child. But you said, 'God, prosper the good ship!' Anne, it would be well to pray for her."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. VICAT'S departure struck a chill upon Estrild's heart, for she had clung even to him of late; and now that he was gone she felt utterly forsaken, and her mind was full of a dull, aching dread.

"You look tired, miss," said the Captain's wife. "Let me get you a cup of tea."

The woman's light eyes were fixed on her in a scrutinizing way, and Estrild shrank from their gaze instinctively; yet her voice rang so sweetly in her ear that in a moment it overcame this dim repugnance, and she answered readily that she would be glad of the tea.

It was soon brought, and while Estrild was drinking it, the Captain's wife talked rapidly, expatiating on the loveliness of the land to which they were bound.

"And the sea is blue as sapphire, the sky is bluer still, the shore is fringed with flowers, and on the heights above are groves of olive and palm, and the sweet bright air is laden with the scent of orange and citron, mingled with the perfume of rose and lily. Oh, it is a country to live and die in, miss!"

"Not to die in, I hope," said Estrild, putting down her cup.

The woman replied it, and talked on of Italy, of India, and the sunny isles of the Pacific; and Estrild, leaning back on the velvet couch on which she sat, listened drowsily, for her sweet voice seemed to blend with the sounds in the ship and the soft splash of waves against her sides.

Voices were hailing a boat—how far off they sounded! Then a voice answered, and Estrild started up with a sudden glow upon her face.

"Who is that?" she cried, falling back upon the sofa as she spoke, feeling strangely giddy.

"It is only the pilot come on board," said the woman, with a scrutinising look into her very eyes; and, apparently satisfied, she moved the tea-tray a little aside to give room for her rounded elbow to rest upon the table. "I have been a seaman's wife ever since I was fifteen," she continued, "but I should not like to go down the Channel without a pilot, especially with my present husband."

She laughed a little, and her light eyes were fixed on Estrild's face again. Somehow her voice seemed changed—it had grown coarse.

"Having got our pilot, I don't think we shall let him go again in a hurry. He believes he'll be put ashore——"

She stopped, for Estrild's eyes were closed, but the cessation of that continuous voice caused a sort of wonder, and, opening them, she saw the Captain's wife in a

haze, her light eyes fixed on her strangely, and her light hair hanging loosely and glittering like limp snakes sleeping.

Estrild half rose with an effort, and, putting out her hands gropingly, she said, or tried to say—

"I—I want air. I will go on deck and—and see the pilot."

"Not yet, my pretty," said the woman, with her cruel little laugh; and, bending over her unconscious victim, she laid strong hands upon her slender arms, and so pressed her down upon the couch—in a dead sleep now; and, covering her with a shawl, she gave her one look, as if to reassure herself, and then hurried away.

On the deck she found her husband, and whispered to him—

"Hoist sail, and away! She's safe for four hours."

The pilot, standing near the mainmast, gave her one glance as she passed him swiftly; then he turned his back on her, and when she retraced her steps he was leaning on the bulwarks watching the reeling of the anchor.

* * * * * *

It was night when Estrild awoke. She was in her cabin, a lamp was swinging slowly to and fro with the motion of the ship, the tramp of feet was overhead, the creaking of cordage was in her ears, mingling with the surging of waves and the dash of spray upon the deck.

She listened for a moment, and then started up in her berth with a sense of loneliness and fear that seized upon her with a sudden horror.

"We are at sea!" she said to herself. "What can it mean?"

But no answer came to her mind; the thought of treachery was still unshaped; a vague fear alone possessed her, and the heaviness and bewilderment caused by the drugged tea had not yet passed away.

Overcome by the stupor of the opium she had taken, she fell back on her pillow and slept again.

On her next awaking it was bright morning; the wind was fresh, a keen air blew in through the half-opened window of the cabin, and some neat hand had made all things around her take a home-like look.

But this could not remove the terror which fell upon her with the morning light; her mind was clear now, and, though she could not grasp the whole situation, enough of the truth was visible to show her she was alone on the sea and in the power of the Captain and his cruel wife.

She wrung her hands tightly together and burst into bitter tears.

Who were they? Did they mean to kill her? Had they taken advantage of her uncle's absence to set sail; or was it—could it be possible that she was the victim of a plot on his part?

An instant conviction that this was the true fact seized upon her; and her tears dried suddenly with the appalling thought, and the blood rushed to her heart, leaving her deadly pale.

Utterly forlorn, powerless, alone, how was she to defend her life? What could her weak hands do to save it? Nothing! She must try to be content to die, if this ship meant death for her; and better die here than to be set ashore on some desolate rock or island to die a thousand deaths in one.

The fear of this fate was worse than the fear of a quick death; she covered her face with her hands, and with white lips uttered a prayer softly, mingling Harold's name and Tristram's with her words, saying they would help her if they lived; but God had taken them, so God must be her Friend now.

Some one came and stood by her as she prayed—she had not heard the door unclosed gently—but she did not look up; she thought it was the Captain's wife, and the instincts of her heart told her the woman was a fiend.

But a kind soft hand took her hands down from her eyes, and then she saw Carrie—Carrie, with a smile on her lips, but her cheeks wet with tears.

Estrild gazed at her for one second as in the amazement of a dream, then she flung her arms about her, and, holding her tightly, cried for joy.

To have Carrie here, to see her good, happy, beaming face was like the lifting of a stone from her sepulchre and calling her forth again to light and life.

"Oh, Carrie, how thankful I am! I feel safe now."

"Do you?" said Carrie, half smiling, half tearful. "I wish I did."

"But is there anything to fear?" asked Estrild, paling again.

"I cannot tell you," returned Carrie. "Remember, it is my father who has brought you here."

She held Estrild's hand tightly and turned away her face.

"I have joined you," she continued, "partly to show father that I trust him; but, remember, I am here as stewardess, and you must not betray that you know me. That might cost us our lives. Estrild, I do not deny that our situation is perilous—whether by my father's fault or his misfortune I cannot say. I hope the last. I felt sure he would not hurt his son, so I believed, I hoped, he meant no harm to you, and with Mary's help I am here. In the ship where he placed the lives of his son and his niece I thought he could trust the life of his daughter also. If harm befall me, then he will know that I flung my fate into the balance, hoping—hoping," for a moment Carrie broke down, but recovered herself quickly, "hoping," she said, "that his better nature would prevail; for, Estrild, he is not all bad, he is not indeed; and he loves me dearly, and all the more because he fears me a little. I am trying to believe—yes, I do believe—that he has been deceived by this villain whom he has made Captain of the ship, and that he set sail contrary to his orders as soon as he had left you."

"Then he never came back!" Estrild cried. "And Gilbert is not here?"

"No, he is not here;" and Carrie spoke in a low grave voice.

"I am thankful," Estrild answered, "that he is spared the pain of sharing our danger and our fear. Carrie, what is it you think we have to dread?"

"I think, my dear, the Captain—aided by his wife—means to seize the ship and cargo and dispose of them in some South American port; but, before he could do this safely, he would have to rid himself of you—and of me," she added, "if he once suspected me."

Estrild's eyes, large with terror, were fixed and dilated, as, holding her hand with both hers, she whispered—

"Carrie, last evening the woman gave me something that took away my senses. Do you think she will poison me?"

A footstep sounded plainly outside, and Carrie instantly changed her voice and attitude.

"It is a fine morning, miss; I think you will feel better if you get up."

The door was softly opened, and the white shining face of the Captain's wife looked within.

She nodded to Estrild with her sweetest smile, and made some remark upon the weather, and hoped she was better than she seemed to be on that previous night—

"When you fainted, miss, quite suddenly, and the stewardess and I had to carry you to bed. I hope you are bright and fresh this morning, Miss Hyde?" she added, turning to Carrie.

Carrie dropped her a curtsey, and assured her she was well.

"I am never sea-sick," she said; "neither is Miss Carbonelli's—so she tells me."

"I am so used to the sea," said Estrild, steadying her voice.

"I daresay you have wondered, miss, that your uncle did not return before we sailed; but we only obeyed orders in starting at once. Doubtless he will explain his reasons by-and-by. Perhaps you will see him at Portsmouth when we land the pilot."

In saying this the Captain's wife kept her light hazel eyes fixed on Estrild's face with a defiant and watchful look, as if daring her to disbelieve her word or distrust her in any way.

And, although very pale, Estrild bore this scrutiny so well that the woman, reassured, closed the door and walked away, saying to herself:

"Ah, it is the opium has given her that white dazed look! She suspects nothing; and the young woman Hyde is a big dunce."

For a moment after she was gone the two girls uttered not a word; they only looked into each other's eyes and felt their hearts tremble.

"Carrie, who is the pilot?" whispered Estrild.

"I don't know, but he looks like an honest man. And he must be that, for Mary Armstrong found him and sent him here. Estrild, if on board her father's ship your brother lost his life, then on board the Venture she will save yours. I cannot tell you now all that she has done; I must wait till a happier time."

"Did Miss Armstrong send the pilot? Then last night I was dreaming, for I thought I knew his voice. Carrie, what is my life to her? Why does she care for me?"

Carrie shook her head in answer.

"Mary has her secrets, and this is one of them. Estrild, she gave me a letter for you; have you courage to read it now? It is from Gilbert. My dear, I am sure he never meant to come on board this ship except as a brother; he never meant to take you at your too generous word."

Estrild was dressed now, and she sat near the little window of the cabin with the letter in her hand.

The sight of Gilbert's writing brought with it a pang of mingled pain and pity; she had hoped to save his life for a world that would one day honor him, but now she felt that even for a whole world she could not have saved him at such a cost.

Carrie stole a look at her, saw the color mount into her pale cheeks, and guessed she had not courage to read the letter in her presence.

Left alone, Estrild broke the seal with a trembling hand and read this—

"Estrild—You have not guessed the truth—that I love you, and, loving you, I have in a passionate moment of temptation deceived you. On that memorable night when I held your hand I willed—in my jealousy—with all my soul that you should not see Harold, whom you loved, but that a vision of the man by whose hand your brother died should come before you. I could not guess that you would see his funeral; for worlds I would not have brought his reflection before you had I known it. During your illness I suffered agonies of remorse, and I longed to confess the truth when I saw you, but you checked the words on my lips. And I am weak; I yielded again to the tempestuous joy of my own heart in being with you, in hearing your dear voice, and in deceiving myself with the hope that one day you might learn to love me a little. Then you tempted me, Estrild, in your great pity, by offering to share your life with me; and, although I refused the sacrifice, it was only a half-hearted 'No' I uttered. I longed to hear you plead again with me; you pleaded for leave to save my life for the world, not knowing that you were my whole world to me.

"At that hour, though I would have died for you, I could not have told you that the man who has your love may, for aught I know, still be living. But now, when the moment is come when I must share this long voyage with you in the hope of life, I dare be silent no longer; I feel you would hate me if you heard the truth from another, and knew I had deceived you. Estrild, when you read thus far I know you will say in your heart that, if any doubt exists of Harold's death, then you cannot put your hand in mine—you cannot be even the shadow of a wife to me. So be it then, I accept your decision, and own it right. But I cannot help the human weakness that would fain have you understand that I make my confession in the full knowledge of all it means for me, the pangs of jealousy, the bitterness of being forsaken, the desolation, the loneliness, and—oh, Estrild, do not call me a coward! the cruelty of one to whom the sight of my misery is always a reproach. Estrild, my dearest, you will be very sad when you read this. I will speak of myself no more.

"I had written thus far when Mary came to me with help and comfort in her words, as she ever has. She rejoices at my decision to refuse all sacrifice at your hands except the one already made in the purchase of the Venture. She does not advise me to give up the voyage which you undertake for my sake—to do this would be a grief to you—and she feels that Carrie's presence and mine will be a guarantee for your safety. She has fears which she will not explain. I have none; I feel I am going on a happy voyage to a lovelier land than any I have seen in a vision or dreamed of in hope.

"When we meet I trust to bring you a joyful message from a far-off country, for I have resolved to discover in what land your lover lives. Then we will spread the sails of the Venture towards that distant shore; and, whether its breezes bring me death or life, I shall be happy in seeing your joy."

The letter lay on Estrild's lap, and she looked forth upon the sea with shining eyes.

A thousand feelings possessed her as she read, but they were all thrust aside by the one great hope that Harold lived. Her instinct was right—he lived, and she should see him again.

The peril of her present position passed from her sight, Harold filled every vision of her soul, and joy like sunshine ran through every vein.

If in this first flood of joy and hope she gave a thought to Gilbert, it was mingled with a regret that he had not joined her; because then, through that strange lore he held, he would tell her where Harold was. This was selfish, but at that moment love was her other self, and all thoughts and feelings were but ministers of love. She could not pity Gilbert yet, or wonder at his absence except in that it touched Harold and herself.

But, when Carrie entered the cabin again, then she felt ashamed, remorseful, pitiful, and she tried to hide from her the radiance of her face.

"Carrie," she said, "Gilbert meant to join us. How is it he did not come?"

"Perhaps father stopped him," said Carrie, growing white; "or, as I have said, the villain who calls himself Captain here set sail purposely without him."

Then, to Estrild's dismay, Carrie burst suddenly into tears, and, falling upon her knees, clasped both arms around her, sobbing forth—

"Estrild, I have learned through Tom that father is on the verge of ruin! Men so situated are tempted more terribly than we women can dream of. If—if any thought has entered father's mind that he would gain wealth and safety through—through the loss of the ship, will you try for my sake and Gilbert's to think of him with pity?"

"Carrie, I would forgive him with all my heart. I am full of happiness and hope; I will not believe in evil. Why do you suspect anything so terrible?"

"My dear, it is because part of Mary's and my plan has failed. Before the ship set sail father was to know I was here, resolved to share with you the perils of the sea. He would receive my letter on returning home; after that he would come back to the ship with Gilbert, and, knowing enough of me to be aware that nothing would change my determination, there would remain only the alternative to take us all ashore—for I would not go without you—or let us sail in safety. Now you know what happened. Neither Gilbert nor my father came, and the ship sailed while he was still ignorant that his daughter's life was in the hands of the villain whom he had made master of our fate. Now the agonizing doubt in my mind—'is whether he gave orders to this man to sail or whether he has himself done this in fulfilment of some vile scheme of his own."

"Oh, your father meant to return, Carrie!" Estrild said soothingly. "Remember, he did not know the marriage he had planned was given up in both Gilbert's mind and mine."

"So you had come to your senses," Carrie said; and a smile rested for a moment on her lips. "It was a wild romantic notion on your part, born of your dreariness and despair, and it was a wickedness on father's. What it was on Gilbert's I fear I can guess. I am sorry for him. Oh, Estrild, I am afraid something dreadful has happened; otherwise he would have come!"

"But doubtless he and your father came and found the ship gone."

"No, no," Carrie answered; "for after the pilot came on board there was still a delay of two hours before we sailed. You were sleeping, and I sat upon the deck watching for a boat till my heart seemed to stand still with fear. You see there was time, plenty of time, for father to return to the ship. And—and I did not give up hope till the sails were set."

"And during those two hours, Carrie, you might have gone ashore in safety."

"I might, and have branded myself for a coward ever afterwards. And I would not break my promise to Mary Armstrong to stand by you while I had a breath of life; I trust in her, and I care for you. Could I leave you, knowing that you were lying here senseless through that terrible woman's wickedness?"

Estrild stooped and kissed her; words could not speak the gratitude she felt towards the brave girl who had risked all for her sake.

Mutually they now agreed to cease discussion on the point of Mr. Vicat's guilt, and to watch warily the course of events.

Estrild breakfasted with the Captain's wife, and with natural suspicion partook only of those dishes of which she ate herself.

Carrie waited on them, and, like the clever woman she was, she acted her part to perfection, and with a careless ease that was, in fact, admirable courage.

"Would you like to go on deck?" said the Captain's wife, with her sweet voice tuned to its first civility. "We are out of sight of land now, and there's nothing to be seen but sea and sky—and that's rather dull for you."

"Not for me," Estrild answered. "I have lived all my life within sound of the sea."

She was soon on deck, and standing at the wheel she saw the stalwart form and met the steady brave eyes of Daniel Pascoe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRESENT YEAR.—The present is the fifth year of modern times in which the aggregate of the figures is twenty-five. And there will be but five more years in which such a combination is possible prior to the year 2500. Probably but few have ever heard of the old prophecy, which runs as follows:

In every future year of our Lord,
When the sum of the figures is twenty-five,
Some warlike kingdom will draw the sword,
But peaceful nations in peace shall thrive.

Students of modern history will readily recall how faithfully this prophecy has been fulfilled in the four previous years to which it applied.

In 1699 Russia, Denmark and Poland formed the coalition against Sweden which inaugurated the great war which ended in the disastrous defeat of Charles XII at Pultowa.

The year 1789 will ever be memorable on account of the breaking out of the French Revolution.

1798 witnessed the campaign of Bonaparte in Egypt and the formation of the second European coalition against France.

In 1879 war broke out between England and Afghanistan, followed by the invasion of the latter country by British troops.

In what manner the prediction is to be verified in 1888 remains yet to be seen, but the present condition of Europe seems to promise an abundant fulfilment of the prophecy.

THROWING A HORSE.—A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of contending with people who came to try their strength against his. Lord D., a great pugilist amateur, went from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an inclosure at a little distance from his house when the lord arrived.

His lordship tied his horse to a tree, and addressed the farmer: "Friend, I have heard marvellous reports of your skill, and have come a long way to see which of us two is the better wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working again. When Lord D. got up, "Well," said the farmer, "have you any more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship; "but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse!"

CHINESE COINAGE.—China will shortly be supplied with stamped coins of her own, for the first time in her history. Hitherto the coins mainly in circulation have been small brass tokens, roughly cast in sand, about the size of a penny, and perforated with a square hole, by which they are strung together. They are of infinitesimal value, being equal to the one-thousandth part of the dollar. The currency of higher value is silver in the form of bars and bars, the value of which is calculated by weight. There is also some paper currency, and silver dollars have circulated freely.

MRS. SARAH B. MCCONKEY, an eccentric resident of West Chester, this State, was found dead in bed in her home there this week. A despatch announces "she lived alone and leaves an estate valued at $60,000. A Maltese cat, her only companion, was found lying alongside its mistress. Mrs. McConkey for many years entertained an idea that she would die in a almshouse. Her only son, Elbridge McConkey, hanged himself a year ago."

SEEK NOT WITH GOLD.

BY T. H. B.

Seek not with gold or glittering gem,
My simple heart to move:
To share a kingly diadem,
Would never gain my love.

The heart that's formed in virtue's mould,
For heart should be exchanged:
The love that once is bought with gold,
May be by gold estranged.

Can wealth relieve the lab'ring mind?
Or calm the soul to rest?
What healing balm can riches find
To soothe the bleeding breast?

'Tis love, and love alone, has power
To bless without alloy:
To cheer affliction's darkest hour,
And brighten every joy.

Dorothy Ennerdale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORLSTONE SCANDAL," "HIS FRIEND AND ENEMY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A FINE old room panelled in oak and lined with filled book-cases, its furniture of polished oak and dark purple leather; a bright-colored Turkey carpet in the centre of the polished floor; a cheerful fire leaping and flashing in the wide fireplace, and dropping its fragrant pine-knots on the marble hearth—such was the library at Mount Ennerdale.

On either side of the hearth, in deep comfortable arm-chairs, two ladies were seated, one busily plying knitting-needles, the other staring abstractedly into the bright blaze of the fire.

The lady knitting was, if not exactly old, decidedly not young.

She wore a rich plain black silk trimmed with deep crape ruffles; indeed, the whole dress was nearly hidden with the same lugubrious material.

On her head, above her primly-parted hair, slightly streaked with gray, was a very severe cap of impressive pattern and proportions, tied under her chin in a large exceedingly stiff bow, the broad crape strings being edged with a wide and rather rampant-looking frill.

Anything more out of character with the face it surmounted than was this formidable cap it would be difficult to imagine. The pale blue eyes were gentle, almost beseeching in their expression.

The mouth betokened indecision and weakness; the whole face indeed proclaimed a complete absence of any strong force of character.

This was Mrs. Escott, the widowed sister of the late owner of Mount Ennerdale and aunt to the present one.

Her principal employment was knitting; but, though her work was rarely seen out of her hands, it never seemed to get any nearer completion.

Still Mrs. Escott continued to knit, and seemed to extract a mild kind of interest and amusement from the ceaseless click of her shining needles.

Another peculiarity of this gentle creature was her natural tendency to dream, and out of her nocturnal visions she obtained the only excitement of her otherwise placid existence, for she believed in them most devotedly, and, as they were nearly always of a tragic and awful nature, most of the old lady's time was passed in watching for the occurrence of some frightful catastrophe which the visions of the night before had darkly portended.

The lady on the opposite side of the hearth, sitting with her hands clasped in the lap of her black-velvet gown, was young, little more than twenty.

She had a bright and winsome face; but the features were too irregular for absolute beauty.

Her large brown eyes, her best feature, were hidden just then by their long curled lashes, as she sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire, and her bright brown head lay comfortably back against the velvet chair-cushion.

This was Dorothy Ennerdale, the orphan ward and distant cousin of the late Francis Ennerdale, who had been laid in his grave a little more than a year ago.

For a long time neither of the ladies had spoken.

It was dismal October weather, and outside the wind howled and moaned drearily; the rain dashed stormily against the shuttered windows; the great trees in the avenue creaked and groaned as they rustled their nearly bare branches.

It was a wild and mournful night altogether, and Dorothy found it more conducive to thinking than talking.

Besides, Mrs. Escott, when not discoursing upon the subject of her dreams, was by no means a brilliant conversationalist; and on the present occasion it happened that she had exhausted all she had to say on her favorite topic.

Last night she had had a dream more than usually awful.

What it had been about was not exactly clear; but the climax was that the whole house had suddenly collapsed and fallen, burying them all beneath its ruins. She had awakened in a dreadful fright, and had been unable to get a wink of sleep for the rest of the night.

Then, while dressing, there had come three most terrible and, unearthly shrieks down the chimney; but it could not have been the wind—certainly not! She was mournfully indignant when Dorothy meekly suggested it.

Then, as if to crown the horrors of the night, when she went out for her morning walk, she had come suddenly upon a man—a great, bearded, savage-looking creature, staring up at the windows of the house and smiling and muttering to himself in a very suspicious manner.

There was not the faintest doubt in her mind that he was a burglar—the head of a gang, most likely, who was looking about for the most suitable spot to break in at the first opportunity.

Such had been the sum-total of Mrs. Escott's revelations since dinner, disclosed with great solemnity and circumlocution for her companion's benefit.

But saucy Miss Dorothy had chosen to receive them in an irreverent spirit, had laughed heartily at the dream, suggested the wind as the author of the ghostly shrieks, and advised letting the dogs loose for the benefit of the possible burglar; and so poor Mrs. Escott, shaking her formidable cap with an amiably-injured air, had heaved a resigned sigh and relapsed into her knitting and silence.

A more than usually furious dash of rain against the windows, a louder roar of the wind, and the dropping upon the hearth of a large log roused the old lady at last; and she looked across at her still silent companion, and introduced another subject.

"When did you last hear from Frank, Dorothy?"

The girl started, and her fair face flushed a little.

"This morning, auntie."

"I thought I heard you say something about it. Does he say for certain when he is coming home?"

"Why, yes! Didn't I tell you?"

Then, in a very sympathetic tone, but with a mischievous glance across the hearth, she added—

"Perhaps the dream put it out of your head, though?"

"Ah, that's likely enough, child! But there, never mind—it all means nothing, I daresay!"

Then, in a lighter tone, she asked, "Well, what does Frank say, child?"

"I'll read his letter, auntie;" and Dorothy drew it from her pocket. "Let me see. H'm! 'I am abominably tired of being down here away from—— I shall be home, I hope, about three days from the date of this. I hope you are quite well. I wonder if you have missed me half as much as I ——' 'H'm! 'The weather down here is simply awful. I long beyond measure to see you and——' H'm! 'Believe me always ——'' Ah! 'Yours, etc., Frank,' That's all!" concluded Dorothy.

"What a very mixed-up jerky kind of letter!" remarked Mrs. Escott innocently, peering over her glasses at the girl. "Are you sure that is all there is of it, dear?"

"Oh, dear, yes! Of course, auntie!" answered unblushing Dorothy, hastily thrusting the epistle into her pocket.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know how in the world he managed to fill up all four sides of the paper and only say that! He doesn't seem to me to finish off his sentences. I think you must have left some of it out, Dorothy. Let me see."

"Oh, no; it's all right, auntie!"

Dorothy's cheeks turned as red as the ribbon at her neck.

"I don't think I would bother to look at it, if I were you. Frank writes such a dreadfully indistinct hand too. You would never make it out. Besides, you ought not to try your eyes at night, you know"—this latter with most affectionate consideration.

"Well, perhaps you are right, dear."

Mrs. Escott mildly yielded the point, as she generally did.

"But I must say, I don't think I would have written at all, unless I could find something more interesting to say. I am glad he is coming home so soon, though."

"So am I," agreed Dorothy softly.

"I don't see, for my part," went on Mrs. Escott, her tongue now fairly loosened, "why he ever wanted to go off to the other end of the world in that absurd way."

"Other end of the world?" Dorothy echoed, laughing. "Why, auntie, he is only in Cornwall!"

"Well, my dear, and we're in Northumberland; so he is at the other end of England, at any rate!" Mrs. Escott retorted. "And, as I said, I don't know why he wanted to go off to that outlandish Pen—whatever it is."

"Penwheal," put in Dorothy. "He was obliged to go, really. It was necessary that he should go himself, to see the new man who is to manage the mines. The other one was not acting at all rightly, was cheating, I believe. Frank did not want to go."

"No, I believe that! When did Frank want to take trouble? He told me the other day that in his opinion the estate was a vast deal more bother than it was worth. I should like to know what he would say if he were on the point of losing it!"

"Why, just the opposite, of course!" Dorothy laughed, as she put her small rosetted shoes on the fender. "But he can't lose it; that is one good thing."

"No, child, fortunately. That is, unless ——"

"Unless what?" asked the girl curiously, wondering at the sudden hesitation.

"Unless something impossible happened, child, and the dead came to life again."

Mrs. Escott's usually mournful tones were deeper and more earnest than ordinary and her sentence was rounded by a very genuine sigh.

Dorothy looked interested and curious.

"You mean uncle Richard, I suppose, aunt?" she hazarded.

"Yes, my dear."

"I wish you would tell me all about it;" and the girl left her seat and knelt down by the old lady's chair. "I have so often wondered about uncle Richard, and why he went away. I should like to know so much. Tell me about him, will you? Did he do anything very dreadful?"

"Dreadful! Bless me, no, child! Poor dear Richard—that is, I could never see much to blame him for, if he did think everything ought to be blown up and pulled down, still this is a free country, and I don't see why he hadn't a right to say it."

"Blown up!" repeated Dorothy, in a puzzled tone.

"Something like it, my dear. I never could understand these matters; but, as far as I know, that is what he wanted to do in a general way. He was a Radical, you know."

"Oh!" cried Dorothy, with a shocked look.

She had no particular idea as to what a Radical was, beyond a vague notion of something exceedingly wicked, so she exclaimed, "Oh!" and looked shocked, and felt so.

Miss Dorothy herself was a staunch little Tory, though why she could hardly have explained, had she taken time to think about it.

"Do tell me all about it, auntie," she urged again, coaxingly, pulling away the knitting. "He quarreled with his father, didn't he? Was that the reason?"

"Yes, child, that was the unfortunate reason. I'll tell you how it was, if you like. Poor dear Richard! Whatever he was, and however—explosive his ideas were"—Mrs. Escott halted for an instant before this expressive term occurred to her—"still he was the best and kindest of brothers to me. We were only three—Richard, the eldest, then Francis and myself. Our father was rather a stern man, and, though he was very fond of us all, he was fondest of Richard and proudest of him, perhaps partly because he was the eldest and the heir. There was never an unkind or hasty word between them until both the boys came home from college. They both left together, for there was a difference of barely two years in their ages; and it was then that Richard's ideas began to worry our father. He was a Tory, of course, as all the Ennerdales have been, and as all respectable people always must be," added the innocent lady placidly, and most fully believing it, "and Francis was like him. But Richard had begun to think for himself, as he called it, and used to take a Radical newspaper and talk politics with the visitors we used to have in such a way that I have often seen our father turn quite purple with passion and be hardly able to restrain himself. Richard never noticed it; but, if he had, I don't think it would have made much difference. He was very fond of his father, and always dutiful to him; but those dreadful Radical notions quite carried him away. He was such a dear, kind, hearty, reckless fellow too; everybody liked him. Ah, if only he had been a Tory!" sighed Mrs. Escott despondently, shaking her head, as if the fact of being a Tory were the crowning point of human virtue.

"I like what you say about him," cried Dorothy. "He must have been nice, even if he were a Radical! Well, auntie, about the quarrel?"

"Well, my dear, there was a great to-do one night. There had been a dinner-party, and afterwards, in the drawing-room, they all got talking politics, as gentlemen will; and Richard began a strong argument with Sir John Marchmont, and they both lost their tempers. I don't quite know how it came about; but Richard—he was so impetuous—jumped up all of a sudden and cried out that the Tory party was a disgrace to the country and hadn't a leg to stand on. I remember the phrase perfectly—it was so queer."

"What a dreadful thing to say! What ever did his father do?" asked Dorothy.

"My dear, he said nothing then; but I really thought he would have choked. Richard seemed sorry that he had gone so far when he had time to reflect, and he hardly spoke a word all the rest of the evening; but afterwards, when every one was gone, he and his father had dreadfully high words here in this very room. Richard must have apologized for his language, I think, for he hardly spoke at all on those miserable politics for a long time afterwards, and he and his father were even more together than they used to be, and seemed fonder of each other. Poor dear Richard! If it had only lasted!" sighed Mrs. Escott, breaking off once more to shake her head and wipe her eyes.

"Then it didn't last?" queried Dorothy, anxious to start her aunt again.

"No, child, it did not indeed. Those wretched politics came between them again. The borough member died, and then Sir John Marchmont was put up for election. The Tories had held the seat without opposition for I don't know how long; but this time a man—some ironfounder or other, and a Radical—was brought forward to oppose Sir John. Our father was greatly excited, for it was said that a reaction had taken place, and it was feared that it might be a close fight; and he thought, of course, that the country might as well go to wreck and ruin at once as send Radicals to Parliament. He and Francis worked with all their might to ensure Sir John's return; but Richard, instead of helping, actually went over to the other side and worked just as hard for the Radicals. He canvassed, he made speeches, he threw himself into the contest most thoroughly; and the result was that Sir John was beaten by I don't know how many votes, and the Radical got in. Every one said it was entirely owing to Richard. Oh, our father was so angry! They had a most desperate quarrel, father telling him that he had disgraced himself and the name of Ennerdale. Poor father was very violent when excited, and Richard was equally hot-tempered when roused, and he retorted on his side. Dorothy, my dear, it ended in a complete rupture between them. Our father told Richard that he never wished to see his face again. Richard retorted that he never should; and he left Mount Ennerdale then and there."

"Oh, auntie, what a miserable thing!" cried Dorothy, kissing the faded cheek, down which a few tear drops were stealing. "And all through those horrid politics! What was the end of it, dear? Where did uncle Richard go?"

"Abroad, my dear. He went to the Cape by the very next vessel that sailed."

"And he never came back?"

"Never. That is four-and-thirty years ago. He wrote to me pretty regularly for the first year or two, telling me how he had turned farmer and diamond-digger, and I don't know what else; but his letters became fewer and fewer, and at last ceased altogether."

"Did he never write to his father?"

"Several times after the first few months; but poor father could be very unforgiving when he chose, and he burned all the letters without opening them."

"Oh, that was very cruel!" exclaimed Dorothy. "I couldn't continue so unforgiving if I were to try! And did uncle Richard die in Africa, auntie?"

"Yes, my dear. When poor father died, he was of course the heir to the Mount Ennerdale estate, and we used every endeavor to find him. But it was of no avail, not the least trace of him could be discovered. He must have died, poor dear fellow, when his letters to me ceased. I don't believe he would have left off writing to me otherwise, nothing has ever been heard of him since."

A brief silence ensued. Mrs. Escott wiped her eyes and shook her head mournfully.

Dorothy stared thoughtfully at the fire, pondering the story she had just heard, which seemed so unhappy and absurd at once, somehow.

"Then, auntie," she said at last, "if uncle Richard had lived, Mount Ennerdale would have been his, instead of going to uncle Francis?"

"Of course, my dear."

"And, if uncle Richard had left a son, it would have belonged to that son, instead of to Frank?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"I see;" and Dorothy kissed the old lady's cheek again. "Thank you for telling me; I am glad I know all about it. Well, as we were saying at first, no one can take Mount Ennerdale from Frank now, and that's a good thing! I'm awfully sorry for poor uncle Richard—he wasn't treated well at all, I must confess; but, if he were to come to life again, I know I should hate him—and that's all about it!"

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning the weather had improved. The rain had ceased, and the sun was peeping out. It shone brightly upon Dorothy's brown head as she stood at the window of the breakfast-room looking out at the flower-beds beneath.

There were not many flowers—it was too late in the year for that; but a few sturdy blossoms still lingered—tall hollyhocks and bushy chrysanthemums, and a good sprinkling of asters.

Rather woe-begone and draggled they looked, certainly, after their past rough treatment by the elements; but a few hours of sunshine would do much to restore their beauty.

So Dorothy thought as she gazed at them. She looked over her shoulder at Mrs. Escott who was pouring out the coffee.

"If the weather only keeps fine, auntie, things will look all right again by the time Frank gets back. I can hardly believe that we shall really see him to-morrow."

"Come to your breakfast, child," returned Mrs. Escott practically. "There is a good deal to do to-day, and we are late as it is."

"Are we?"

Dorothy glanced at the clock as she turned from the window.

"So we are; it is twenty minutes past nine, I declare!"

She took her seat at the table, and her breakfast began.

"Did you have a good night, auntie dear?" she questioned presently, with a mischievous look at the old lady.

"Ah, my dear!"

Mrs. Escott twitched her formidable cap and heaved a lugubrious sigh.

Dorothy knew the signs of a dream well enough, and smiled quietly as she noticed the certain indications of a bad night.

"Ah, well, we've been neither robbed nor murdered, after all!" she said gaily. "Your mysterious burglar found the fastenings too strong, I suppose, or perhaps the dogs scared him. What is there to do this morning, auntie?"

"A good deal, my dear," replied Mrs. Escott vaguely. "Why?"

"Oh, I wanted to know if I could help you!"

"Now, Dorothy, you know that, whenever you touch anything in the way of accounts, it takes me at least a week to get them right again."

"So it does!" laughed Dorothy. "I forgot. I'm afraid that branch of my education must have been dreadfully neglected.

I'm like Mark Twain; 'I do hate figures, anyhow!' Then, if you are sure I can't help you, I think I will go for a walk. I'm fairly longing for a good run."

"Well, do, child," responded the old lady amiably. "And, by-the-way, I wish you would go to the west lodge and see how Polly Ticketts is. She was very unwell indeed yesterday. If her husband will come up to-night, there will be some more beef-tea ready for her. Tell her so, will you, dear?"

"All right; I will, if I don't forget. That's the best I can promise to do. I'll run and get my hat on and be off."

And with that she ran off across the hall and up the stairs, singing as she went. Pretty Dorothy's heart was very light just then.

Would not Frank be home to-morrow, and in his letter did he not say——

But she would reserve his words for herself. It was certain that Mrs. Escott's ears had not been gladdened with the whole of that epistle.

At a brisk pace Miss Ennerdale went down the path leading to the west lodge, humming to herself and crushing the sodden dark autumn leaves under her feet. Suddenly she came to a halt with an astonished exclamation.

"Why, I do believe that must be auntie's burglar."

Standing about twenty paces in front of her, his back resting against a great tree-trunk, was a man, who was placidly puffing at a short pipe.

Dorothy got a hurried notion of a thick red-brown beard, keen blue eyes, and a broad-shouldered figure, dressed in a rather free-and-easy fashion; and then she walked on with her head erect, looking determinedly nowhere.

What did he mean by trespassing in a private park in that way? It was like his impudence! She would tell him to be off about his business, only he looked so cool and so big.

And she must pass him too—he was right in the path. What a nuisance it was, to be sure!

But she did not pass him quite so easily. As she advanced, he advanced too; and so they stopped within a few paces of each other.

The lady frowned and surveyed the intruder scornfully and indignantly; he smiled and surveyed her critically and approvingly. Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he raised his soft felt hat.

"And you are Dorothy, I suppose?" he said.

Dorothy fairly gasped at such familiarity in a total stranger.

"I am Miss Ennerdale, sir," she responded frigidly; but the stranger did not seem to be in the least disconcerted. He only smiled again in an amused way.

"To be sure. I'm afraid I should have said so; but I have heard so much about 'Miss Dorothy' that I called you so without thinking, I suppose;" and he coolly turned to walk beside her. "I'm glad I met you," he went on; "I have been waiting about for an hour or more, hoping you might come out. I saw the old lady yesterday; but I'm afraid I scared her, rather. Now you are not nervous, are you?"

"The man must be mad," Dorothy thought as she turned on him with an impatient stamp of her foot.

"Let me pass! How dare you presume to address me?"

"Why, I want to speak to you, of course"—in a tone of good-tempered remonstrance—"that's all. Bless the child, one would think I wanted to eat you! I never saw anything to equal women!" this in an undertone. Then again, aloud—"I only want to ask you a question."

"I refuse to answer your question."

Dorothy's temper was now thoroughly roused.

"I advise you to leave the place, sir. You have no business here, and you ought to know it. This is a private park. You are trespassing."

"Trespassing? Am I, though?"—the intruder appeared more amused than ever. "To be sure, you are quite right, Miss Dorothy. I've already come across half a dozen boards announcing that 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.'"

"Then," Dorothy was beginning, when he interrupted her.

"Why do I not? Well, I will, if you will tell me what I want to know."

"Be good enough to state what it is," Miss Ennerdale said curtly.

Perhaps answering his question would be the quickest way to get rid of him, she thought.

"I would have asked you before, if you would have let me. I want to know when Frank will be home, if you please?"

"Do you mean Mr. Ennerdale?" Frank indeed!

What would be the next piece of audacity she wondered angrily.

"To be sure—Mr. Ennerdale! I'm not to get hold of the right names, it seems."

"Mr. Ennerdale will return to-morrow. Pray have you business with him?"—a touch of curiosity momentarily quenching her wrath.

"Business with him? Yes, to be sure! That's what I wish to see him about."

"Then I can only advise you to obtain an appointment with him, if you can procure one;" and with that Miss Dorothy walked on, holding her pretty head very high indeed, and loftily declining to notice in the slightest way the low and certainly respectful bow with which he stood out of her path.

She went on her way, leaving the man standing looking after the graceful, scornfully erect figure in its heavy blue serge and sealskin coat, the smile on his bronzed face growing very broad and bright indeed.

"So that is Dorothy Ennerdale, is it? Bless the child, what a temper the little puss has! I'm bound to put my foot in it with women, it appears. Well, so much for one of them—I wonder what Master Frank will say to me? Well, we shall see to-morrow;" and then the stranger put on his hat, and, instead of obeying Dorothy's mandate, he leaned back against the tree once more, re-filled the short pipe, and fell to puffing at it in a meditative fashion.

"I should like just a word or two of welcome from one of them," he mused between the puffs. "Doubt if I shall get it, though!"

Miss Ennerdale had recovered from the audacious assault made upon her dignity by the time she reached the west lodge, and was able to talk to ailing Mrs. Ticketts in the bright winning way that made her such a favorite.

She delivered Mrs. Escott's message, inquired after the welfare of the family, from the baby upwards, and then lifted the small Job Ticketts on to her lap.

"Why, where's Job's tongue this morning?" she asked laughingly. "Gone for a holiday?"

Job, probably deeming that ocular demonstration was best, put out that member in reply to her query, and then rubbed a small, tow-colored head against Miss Ennerdale's golden-brown sealskin, saying not a word.

"Why don't you answer, naughty boy?"—and Polly Ticketts looked up from the baby to take her eldest offspring to task. "He's so shy, mostly, Miss Dorothy; and yet I'm sure this morning and yesterday his tongue's been going fast enough for a dozen. Show Miss Dorothy what the gentleman gave you, Job."

Job, upon this, sat up, his chubby little face expanding in a delighted grin, and, slowly unclosing a grubby little fist, exhibited a bright sovereign.

"Oh, what a beauty!" Dorothy laughed at the proud expression of the round little face. "What fine things Job will buy now; won't he? Why, who gave it to him, Mrs. Ticketts?"

"That's just what I don't know, Miss Dorothy. It's a gentleman who's been here the last two days and this morning. It isn't long since he went away. Perhaps you saw him, miss?"

"I think I did;" and Dorothy suddenly crimsoned to the roots of her brown hair. "A tall, broad-shouldered man, was he not, with a long beard?"

"Yes, miss, that's the one. He said he was going to smoke a pipe in the park. I made bold to tell him he'd be trespassing; but he only laughed, and said, 'Oh, no, not a bit of it!' I can't make him out, Miss Dorothy. He acts so queer and asks such odd questions."

"What kind of questions?"

It did not suit the young lady to admit that the impertinent unknown had dared to accost her.

"All sorts of things, miss. About the Squire, and the old Squire, and Mrs. Escott, and you. I did ask him if he was a friend of Mr. Frank's, and he gave a laugh and said that he was not, that he'd never seen any of you in his life; but he meant to before long. Oh, he is an odd one, Miss Dorothy; but you can't help liking him, anyway!"

Miss Dorothy flushed again, indignantly thinking that she could help it very easily indeed; but she only remarked—

"Do you know who he is, Polly—I mean his name?"

"That I don't, miss. Job there did ask him; but he laughed and turned it off. Oh, he is funny, to be sure! He went poking about the house——"

"Poking about the house?"

"Yes, miss—yesterday it was. He says, 'Now let me see—is there anything wrong here? Are you all tight and ship-shape?' he says. 'All the walls right and the roof sound? Let me know if you've anything to complain of,' he says."

Dorothy stared in speechless wrath.

"Why, the man must be mad!" she cried. "What business is it of his?"

"I don't know, miss;" and Mrs. Ticketts gave her head a toss as if to imply that, though she retailed the sentiments, still she was not responsible for them. "We can't make it out, me and Ticketts can't. He went up into the top rooms and looked all round, and then he see the place in the bed-room where the rain drips in through the slates being loose, and then he says, 'Why, bless my soul, this'll never do! Why, it's murderous! It'll give your good man the rheumatics, and then where will you be? What does your Mr. Frank mean by it—eh?' That's how he talks, Miss Dorothy!"

"I never heard of such behavior!"

Miss Ennerdale was so exceedingly angry that she was obliged to stand up to give her feelings expression.

"I hope you silenced him, Mrs. Ticketts?"

"That's just what you can't do, anyhow, miss. I told him that Mr. Frank had promised to have it seen to before long; but he just shook his head and laughed. 'Ah, yes, that's all very well,' he says; 'but your Mr. Frank should do it, not talk of seeing about it! That style of business won't suit me. We'll soon have it put right;" and then he put down a lot writing in a book, and then he came down here and looked round, and says, 'Now, is there anything wrong down here? If there is, mention it. Does the oven bake right? It's a confounded nuisance if it won't, isn't it? I know that!' That's how he talks, Miss Dorothy. Oh, he is a queer one too!"

"He is an exceedingly impertinent person!" Miss Ennerdale declared. "If he comes here again, Mrs. Ticketts, I advise you not to admit him. Mr. Ennerdale returns to-morrow, and he will soon put a stop to this abominable conduct. If he should try to talk to you again, warn him that, if he doesn't want to get into trouble, he had better leave the place. Such persons should be made an example of, really."

And, with this lofty expression of opinion, she bade the keeper's wife good day, and left the lodge.

She kept a sharp enough covert look-out as she neared the spot where she had left the stranger; but he was not to be seen now.

So he had had the decency to take himself off, at any rate, Miss Dorothy thought.

"I do wonder who he can be?" she mused as she walked briskly on, holding her blue skirts away from the still wet grass. "I should like to know, I must confess. What an abominably impudent fellow he must be, prying into other people's affairs! Didn't know any better, I suppose. And yet he looked rather nice—almost like a gentleman. I wonder if he really means to come bothering Frank? What can he want to see him about? How strange it all is! Well, he isn't a burglar, at any rate, in spite of auntie's dreams and frights! I should like to know his name, though, and who he is."

* * * * * *

"And you are really glad to see me back again, Dorothy?"

"Of course I am, wonderfully glad—awfully glad! There—does that satisfy you?" responded Miss Ennerdale, with a smile.

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But, at the same time, I don't believe you are half as glad to see me as I am to see you."

"Of that you can't judge any better than I can, you see," Dorothy retorted laughingly.

Frank laughed too, though he still looked a little aggrieved. He was a good-looking young fellow, with the fair hair and blue eyes of the Ennerdales.

He was good-tempered, generous, affectionate, kind-hearted, but uncompromisingly lazy.

He abominated work of any kind, mental or physical, and it was only Dorothy's persuasion that had induced him to undertake the journey to Penwheal, from which he had just now returned.

He had reached Mount Ennerdale before dinner; now the meal was over, and they were back in the library, always the favorite sitting-room on winter evenings.

Mrs. Escott was, as usual, busy with her knitting, but she was gently dozing, though her fingers still moved mechanically.

The two young people standing by the fire had the room to themselves to all intents and purposes.

Dorothy's eyes were fixed upon the leaping flames, and his were turned upon her face with indolent approval.

"Is all settled at Penwheal now, Frank?" Dorothy asked presently.

"I hope so, I'm sure;" and Frank heaved a sigh. "It ought to be, if it's not. It has been trouble enough!"

"Poor fellow! Has it now?"—and Dorothy laughed. "I do believe that 'trouble' is the bugbear of your life."

"I suppose it is of most lives in one form or another," Frank returned philosophically. "What is the domestic news, dear? You haven't told me much."

"I'm afraid there's not much to tell. Let me see. We have had our breakfasts and luncheons and dinners with the usual interval. Auntie has knitted from the time she got up until the time she went to bed, and then dreamed until it was time to get up and commence knitting again. It has rained and blown, excepting once for a little while, and then it hailed. I really think that's all. I'm thankful I was never sufficiently daring to begin to keep a diary, Frank."

"It would be an exciting production at that rate!" said the young fellow, with his indolent laugh. "And that is all, is it, Dorothy?"

"Yes, I believe so. Oh, I forgot! Did you get those two letters I sent you?"

"Your letters? Yes, of course—every one of them."

"I don't mean my letters. The two I speak of were from Mr. Crisp. The first came four days ago, and the second the day before yesterday. We thought they might be of importance, and so I enclosed them to you. They went off by the early post yesterday. Didn't you get them?"

"No, indeed, I did not. What can Crisp want to write to me about? Some more bother or other, I suppose."

"The second was marked 'Urgent,'" Dorothy went on. "I wish I had not sent them now; but it might have been important, you see."

"Of course it might, and is very likely. Well, I don't particularly care if they never come to light again, though even then I suppose Crisp will hunt me up. What is it, Simon?"—turning to the old butler, who just then opened the door.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"A gentleman?" Frank's good-humored face clouded. "Who is it? Do you know?"

"No, sir; he is a stranger. He didn't give me his name, but told me to say it was the gentleman you were expecting."

"Expecting? I am not expecting anybody. Get his name, Simon, and say I cannot see him unless his business will not wait. I am engaged and just off a journey. What a bother!" he muttered, as the old man withdrew. "Who can it be, I wonder?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

BRICKS.—It is said that handsome pressed bricks are being made out of coal-ashes and cinders in San Francisco. These bricks have stood the severest tests of strength, and are made without burning or baking.

WROUGHT-IRON.—After being subjected to the most violent hammering or compression at a low temperature, by the simple process of heat red-hot and slow cooling, the tenacity or shock-sustaining qualities of wrought-iron are enhanced at least twenty times.

TELEPHONES.—A non-speaking telephone is exhibited in Pittsburg. A sensitive plate presses against the larynx and glands of the neck, and, as the jaws are moved in conversation, the motion sends the words along the wire as distinctly as the telephone now in use.

POLISHED FLOORS.—The cleanest and most perfectly polished floors have no water used on them. They are simply rubbed every morning with a large flannel cloth, which is soaked in kerosene oil once in two or three weeks. Take the cloth, and with a scrubbing-brush or stubby broom, go rapidly up and down the planks—not across them. After a few rubbings the floor will assume a polished appearance that is not easily defaced.

BURIAL REFORM.—Health authorities cry out against the "burial reform" that would inclose the bodies of the dead in paper-mache or wicker boxes, and express amazement that physicians and sanitarians should support a method that simply lets loose at once into the ground-water that corruption that the poorest coffin would at least dole out slowly, diluting the poison from a hundred fold to a thousand fold as compared with the "reform" method.

BOOTMAKING.—A new system of boot-making has been introduced under the name of the Ab intra (From the Inside) Method. This word explains the method adopted: for the nails, of special make, are, by a machine, put in from the inside of the sole, so that the heads of the nails are towards the wearer's feet. This inner sole is then placed on the last with the points of the nails upwards, and the upper part of the boot is pulled over them and made fast with a special form of tool. The sole proper is then placed over the points, and is hammered down, the nails being then bent over upon the outside of the sole. It is said that the three portions of the boot are so closely united that it requires special appliances to separate them, the secret of this great amount of cohesion being in the form of nail employed. It is said that there is a great saving of time in this process.

Farm and Garden.

THE SOIL.—Almost any soil can be put in proper condition by spading to the depth of fifteen inches and incorporating with the natural earth well-rotted stable manure and sand, if too heavy, and well rotted manure, clay and wood ashes, if too light.

STUMPS.—When stumps are removed by the use of dynamite, the usual method is to bore a hole in the stump, insert the cartridge, and use a fuse, but some place the cartridge under the stump and blow it up. The operation is too dangerous to be undertaken by inexperienced persons.

THE BIRDS.—Farmers should protect the useful birds against destruction by gunners. A single bird may save much labor in destroying insects. Birds should be encouraged to build near the houses and barns. Unless protected, the small birds will be destroyed as well as the larger ones.

FLOWERS.—Those who expect beautiful beds of flowers next spring should prepare a special compost for the flower-yard. Fine manure and woods-dirt, free from litter, should be composted now, and urine poured over it occasionally. Before using add a bushel of bone dust to every wheelbarrow load of compost, and use it liberally around the plants.

THE PLANTS.—Study the plants. Notice their drinking habits. It will soon be seen which needs the most water. It will be found that they will take but very little if the day be dark; if it be pleasant they will require more. Especially in the first part of the winter is this noticeable. The days are short and often cloudy. The plants have not filled the pots with roots therefore it is better to be on the safe side and not give too much water.

DAIRY FLOOR.—A cement floor is not the best for a dairy, as it absorbs the drippings of the milk and becomes foul in a short time. A good floor is of matched plank, with tight joints and painted, so that it will absorb no moisture. Whatever drippings should fall from the churn could be washed off such a floor without leaving any trace. Brick is quite as absorbent as cement. A flag-stone floor with close joints set in cement is the best of all.

SHEEP.—Many farmers are of the opinion that sheep do not require water in winter, and especially when there is snow on the ground. This understating the need of a good supply of water for their flocks in cold weather causes much cruelty and leads to the practice of false economy. If sheep will live by eating snow it is no evidence that it is best for them any more than for any other farm stock. If good clean water be provided daily in a warm place, sheep will drink twice a day, and sometimes oftener. They do not drink much at a time, but a little water is a necessity for their thrift during cold weather.

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Manners and Dress.

It is well for young men to obtain, at the very beginning of their start in life, some idea of the value of politeness. There are some to whom urbanity is natural. They are born so—they grow up so—and are so under all circumstances, to the end of their lives. They go easily, pleasantly, and agreeably through life, as though by a necessity of nature. Every vain man is pleased with them, for their habit is that of universal compliance. They never say "No." They always agree. Contradiction is the sin of which they are never guilty.

But this is not real politeness. The genuine article is as essential to success—especially enjoyable success—as integrity, industry, or any other thing which is positively indispensable.

All machinery is ruined by friction, and it is necessary to apply, very frequently, a lubricating fluid. Politeness, or civility, or urbanity—whichever you please to call it—is the oil which preserves the machinery of society from destruction.

We must bend to one another; we must step aside, now and then, and allow others to pass; we must ignore this or that personal peculiarity; we must learn to speak pleasantly when irritated, and to do many things which may be hard to do in order to avoid collision.

In a world of selfish interests and selfish pursuits, where every man is intent on his own special good, we must adapt ourselves to the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed, and nothing will facilitate this so much as civility. Young men generally would be astonished to find how much their personal happiness, popularity, prosperity and usefulness depend on their manners.

There are many young men who imagine that the literal discharge of their duties is all that employers can require. Never do you see a smile on their faces; never do you hear a genial word from their lips; and from the manner in which their labor is performed you would never suppose that they belonged to civilized society.

Such young men—and there are hundreds of them behind our counters and in our warehouses—never become favorites with anybody with whom they are connected. Those who have business with them close it as soon as possible, and are glad to be released from their company.

Servility and civility are as opposite as the poles. One is despicable, while the other is in the highest degree desirable. A politeness, full of frankness and good-nature, is the glory of every young man. It should be unobtrusive and consistent, uniform in its nature to every class of men.

The young shopman who is overwhelming in his courtesy to a gentleman, and who is rude to an artisan, deserves to be despised. That style of manners which combines self respect with respect for the rights and feelings of others is a quality to be cultivated with extreme diligence.

Our topic naturally leads us to the subject of dress and personal appearance. We have faith in dress. We believe that it is the duty of all men, young and old, to make their persons, so far as practicable, agreeable to those with whom they are thrown in contact. By this we mean that they should not offend by singularity nor by slovenliness.

Let no man know by your appearance what trade you follow. You dress your person, not your business. Be careful to mould the fashion of the times to your own personal peculiarities.

Fashion is to be your servant, not your master. Therefore, never dress in the extreme of fashion. Only adopt it so far as is consistent with your face and figure. That which well becomes one man ill becomes another; and for all to follow the same model is obviously absurd.

The exercise of a little judgment on your part will enable you to adopt so much of the prevailing style in your dress as to show that you are acquainted with the fashion, without sacrificing your personal appearance for the sake of scrupulous conformity to its laws.

The best possible impression you can make by your dress is to make no separate impression at all, but so to harmonize its material and shape with your own figure that it becomes part of you; and people, without recollecting how you were clothed, remember that you looked well and were dressed becomingly.

An objection may be urged here that attention to dress is dangerous. We think not. Extravagance is dangerous, but extravagently dressed people are seldom dressed well. There are many people who are better dressed on fifty dollars a year than others are on one hundred and fifty. This is easily demonstrated. We constantly meet multitudes of people dressed in every imaginable style. Here is one in the best of broadcloth and the costliest jewelry, but who looks exceedingly vulgar; here another, habited plainly, but in good taste, is gentlemanly in his appearance at half the cost.

Showy and flaring clothes argue the mental poverty of the wearer. The secret of being well dressed is but the exercise of judgment and good sense—it invariably requires more care than cash; and, instead of making a young man extravagant, is a saving of half the money it would cost to clothe him in vulgar and pretending style, which so many now-a-days unfortunately adopt.

MONEY buys a certain grade of service, but that which is at all worthy the name can come only from goodwill. It is not the people who bluster at their attendants, flout and abuse them, and insist always upon asserting their wills and their position who are best served. A kind bearing often effects more than exorbitant wages, as has been said so many times that the world ought by this time to have learned and heeded it.

ADVICE is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which has escaped our notice, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes the superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desire to conceal.

THERE is no word or action but may be taken with two hands—either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion; and all things do succeed as they are taken. To construe an evil action well is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself; but to misconstrue a good thing is a treble wrong—to myself, the action and the author.

As the most generous vine, if it is not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems, and grows at last weak and fruitless, so doth the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned, that I may grow, rather than be cut up to burn.

VIOLENCE ever defeats its own ends. Where you cannot drive you can almost always persuade. A gentle word, a kind look, a good-natured smile, can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you.

I CALL that mind free which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

WORDS are good, but there is something better. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the chief matter. Action can only be understood and represented by the spirit. No one knows what he is doing while he is acting rightly, but of what is wrong we are always conscious.

EVERY human soul has the germ of some flowers within; and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in. Not having enough of sunshine is what ails the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

NOTHING is more enfeebling to any one than to be assured of his weakness—nothing more injurious to his character than to be constantly reminded of its defects. It is that which we desire rightly to perpetuate on which we should dwell; that which is most deserving of honor should receive the emphasis.

THE root of good breeding is care for others, not for oneself. Good breeding is the perfume of unselfishness. If we think of what others would like—what we should desire in their place—we must of necessity be well bred. If we think only of our own desires, we are just as much of necessity ill bred, no matter what our social status.

CHEERFULNESS is the best promoter of health. Repinings and murmurings of the heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed and wear out the machine. Cheerfulness is as friendly to the mind as to the body.

MEN think God is destroying them because he is tuning them. The violinist screws up the key till the tense cord sounds the concert pitch; but it is not to break it, but to use it tunefully, that he stretches the string upon the musical rack.

A WORD, or the want of a word, is a little thing; but into the momentary wound or chasm so made or left, throng circumstances; these thrust wider and wider asunder, till the whole round bulk of the world may lie between two lives.

AMONG the numerous stratagems by which pride endeavors to recommend folly to regard, there is scarcely one that meets with less success than affectation, or a perpetual disguise of the real character by fictitious appearances.

MEN are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious convictions.

IF the sacrifices to virtue are often hard to make, it is always joy to have made them; and a person never repents having done a good action.

SINCE time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.

THE more our animal nature is curbed and restrained, the greater becomes the soul's supremacy over it.

THE more honest our intentions are the less suspicious are we of others' designs.

The World's Happenings.

Kansas has a new postoffice named Zero.

A mule with a silver windpipe is a Macon, Ga., curiosity.

One policeman can do all the business in his line at Ottawa, Kan.

New York is to have a private pet cat show for the benefit of charity.

In the last 20 years 1500 divorces have been granted in the Brooklyn courts.

Forty-five years ago there was not a postage stamp in the United States.

The first iron ore to be discovered in this country was found in Virginia in 1715.

It has been decided by the postmaster at St. Louis that mince pie is not mailable matter.

An Atlantic county, New Jersey, divine recently delivered a sermon to an audience of one.

Colored women are now employed to handle baggage on some of the Southern railroads.

Ohio men are so numerous in New York that they have formed a society and will soon erect a club-house.

The cost to the principals in a suit over a rooster, in the Bergen county, New Jersey, courts, has reached $360.

The latest in the way of "crusades" is one against cigarette smoking, which has been begun in cities along the Hudson river.

A 4-year-old boy, who was knocked down by a ram at Norwalk, Ohio, had his skull fractured and was otherwise seriously injured.

Another octogenarian has wedded. He belongs in Woolbridge, N. J. On the following evening the marriage of his great granddaughter took place.

A 7-year-old girl at East Branch, N. Y., fell under a great snow-ball that she and some boys had been rolling, one day recently, and had her neck broken.

In the treasurer's report of a Raleigh, N. C., church appears this item: "Salary promised to the rector, $15 per month. Salary paid to the rector, none."

A Montana Bible-class presented their pastor with a handsome slung shot, extra weight, covered with stamped leather, to be used as a paper-weight in his study.

In Chicago a few nights ago Mrs. Ada List ran out of the house to post a note in a street letter box, when a man came up suddenly and cut off her tresses and escaped.

A Tapleyville, Mass., man walked two miles to the postoffice of a neighboring village and back again to get a postage stamp that would not stick exchanged for a good one.

A precocious New York boy accompanied his mother to the theatre. The seat check was marked K 8, and the boy refused to sit there, insisting that it was reserved for a dog.

Coffee John, the proprietor of a Minneapolis restaurant, on a bet of $10, recently ate 500 oysters in two hours. He ate 125 raw, 125 stewed and 250 steamed, and finished with 13 minutes to spare.

One of the "crack" whist players at Boston is a blind physician. He always carries two sets of cards, which are so pricked that he can tell from the touch exactly what cards he holds in his hand.

An Italian at Mansfield, Ohio, wore a pair of very tight shoes two days. The result was injuries to his feet that were followed by gangrene, so that he has had his toes and other parts of both feet amputated in order to save his life.

It is estimated that pin factories in New England turn out 10,000,000,000 pins yearly, and that other factories in the States bring the number up to 15,000,000,000. This is equal to about one pin a day for every inhabitant of the United States.

Many of the farmers and lumbermen in Northern Michigan are making use of dogs this winter to draw their sleds. It is said that the dogs become very expert at the work after a little training, and in many ways equal the Esquimaux dogs.

In an address delivered before a gathering of Boston coachmen, President Angell, of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, said that the first law for the protection of animals from ill-treatment was passed in Ireland.

When a pair of 3 year-old steers, which had been bred together, were killed in Buffalo, N. Y., it was found that the sizes of each did not vary an ounce; the forequarters of each dressed 340 lbs., and the hindquarters of each were exactly the same weight, 305 pounds.

Martin Sorenson, of Knox county, Nebraska, stepped into an air-hole while crossing the Missouri at Yankton the other day, but continued his way home without drying his boot. It is now told that when he got home his leg was frozen up to the knee and amputation was found necessary.

A 10-year-old girl has been noticed practicing the arts of a highwayman upon the streets of Monroe, Mich., lately. The child confines her attention to children, of course, and lays particularly for little ones who have been sent on errands, often robbing them of considerable sums in cash or quite valuable bundles of goods.

A peculating student at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., was electrified the other day when he went to obtain a $10 note, part of which was protruding from the pocket of a vest hanging in an unoccupied room. A professor had connected the vest by an electric wire to a signal bell. The victim made a clean breast of his depredation.

There is a pastoral anecdote going the rounds about a horse in Fayetteville, N. C., which had the misfortune to be kept in a stall next to a cow of thieving propensities. The latter, it appears, was in the habit of sticking her tongue through a crevice in the partition and stealing her neighbor's fodder. Finally the horse could stand the indignity no longer, and, watching his chance, he seized the cow's tongue in his teeth and bit it completely off.

CONFIDENCES.

BY F. LANGBRIDGE.

Although one wears a buch of keys,
And stands in posture deferential,
Their conference, one clearly sees,
Is confidential.

My lady's fond of lolling thus;
Here, safe from man's unmeaning chatter,
She loves serenely to discuss
Affairs of matter.

No flippant politics impede
Grave talk of lace to fringe a bed-dress—
Though one may praise a bow, indeed,
Or scout a head-dress.

But now in softer tones they speak—
The two fair heads are bent together;
And, surely, o'er my lady's cheek—
But, then, the weather!

I thought a name was murmured low—
But that, perhaps, was inferential;
Besides, the conference, we know,
Is confidential.

John Davidson.

BY A. C. CONOR.

MISS Victoria Egerton sat in a secluded corner of a ball-room, somewhat discontentedly scanning the faces of the dancers just now pacing and circling, to the music of a string band, through the figures of the Lancers. Suddenly she raised herself a little and looked steadily over to the door, her expression slowly brightening into interest.

It was a large ball for a private one, and there were plenty of pretty faces to be seen at it; but there was certainly not one other so pretty or so full of subtle fascination as Miss Egerton's.

The ball was being held at the house of Mrs. Hattley, an elder sister of Miss Egerton's, in the suburbs of a large manufacturing town.

This elder of the two sisters, although of course an Egerton like Victoria—granddaughter of an Earl and second cousin to some of the oldest families in England—had, on receiving an offer of marriage from Mr. Hattley, the famous millionaire cotton-spinner, some few years ago, gladly accepted it.

Victoria had first been horrified, and then had tried to laugh her sister out of her resolution.

The two girls were at the time living on the bounty of a maiden aunt in London. It was not nice, living on any aunt's bounty, the elder sister argued very sensibly. And then she was distinctly plain. Victoria had considered indignantly that any Egerton could do better than this. So a storm had raged between them for a little while, the aunt unexpectedly supporting Victoria; but it all ended in Sophia Egerton accepting the offer.

Mr. Hattley, a plain-mannered, middle-aged man, had, to tell the truth, waited very complacently for his answer, of course, knowing nothing of the storm.

To do Victoria justice, it was more on account of the man's being so decidedly middle-aged and of such distinctly plain manners, than for anything else, that she had objected. Sophia was not pretty, but she was a sparkling, spirited girl of twenty. The Egerton women were always spirited.

However, in spite of this opposition, the marriage had taken place, and then Mr. Hattley and Sophia had gone to settle down in Bremingly, and Victoria, with the maiden aunt, had started for a town in Germany. After two years in the German town and another year travelling hither and thither, Victoria had come on a long visit to Bremingly to her sister's. In the carriage on the way from the railway station, Mrs. Hattley had promised her young sister some pleasant society.

"It isn't a nice town," laughed the girl, glancing out at the smoky atmosphere, "but I'm glad it contains nice people."

"Oh, I hardly know any of them," answered Mrs. Hattley, drawing herself up a little. "I referred to people who are staying with me."

"And how does Mr. Hattley like that?" said Victoria, after staring for a moment at her sister.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Hattley, still more stiffly.

"Well, Sophia," said the girl, as they got out at the portico of Mr. Hattley's palatial residence; "I will only remark that when you began so sensibly by marrying Mr. Hattley, it was a pitty you did not continue in the same path."

Then, soon after this home-coming, had followed the ball.

As Victoria sat thus, with her head a little raised, looking earnestly over at the door, Mrs. Hattley came up unobserved and touched her on the shoulder.

"Absorbed in your mania, as usual, Victoria," she said, a little grimly, but casting a quick, loving glance into the girl's beautiful face—she adored her younger sister.

Victoria had never been without a mania of one or another since the days of her childhood. It was part of her nature always to be enthusiastic over something. About a year ago she had chanced on a passion for phrenology and physiognomy.

During this year she had probably read at least half the books that ever were written on the subjects, and claimed, besides, to have made several important discoveries on her own account.

Mrs. Hattley complained that this mania was more grievous than any of the others, for it not not only exceeded them in power, but actually appeared to be growing stronger as it became older. Victoria started delightedly round at Mrs. Hattley's touch on her shoulder.

"Sophia," she said, in a quick undertone, "who is the young man standing in that nearest doorway? He has just come in."

"In the nearest doorway," repeated Mrs. Hattley, turning to look. "Oh," rather indifferently, "that is John Davidson."

She studied him in the same absorbed way for a moment longer.

"A most remarkable forehead, Sophia," she said, energetically; "a forehead which may prove exceedingly serviceable to me in many ways. Please go round and bring John Davidson here."

Mrs. Hattley attempted, as usual, to remonstrate.

"It is really perfectly ridiculous, Victoria. Besides, I saw you dancing with Sir Archibald. Where is he?"

"If you don't go and secure John David on," said the gir', still furtively watching, "he may escape me. I know every line of Sir Archibald's face, and each line is more uninteresting than the other. I sent him away to look for my fan. I shall not dance again to-night."

A few minutes later, with a somewhat indifferent grace, Mrs. Hattley, a little flushed by her repeated incursions about the outskirts of the Lancers, returned with the young man from the doorway.

"Mr. John Davidson—Miss Egerton," she introduced, frigidly.

"How do you do, Mr. John Davidson. Sit down," said Victoria; and there was so much eagerness in her tone that Hattley, already sweeping haughtily away, shivered as if from a sudden chill. This was the very last time, she said to herself, that she should ever encourage Victoria in her mania.

The young man had meanwhile sat down as requested; a little surprised at the warmth of his reception.

He had not merely, as Miss Egerton had said, a remarkable forehead—every one of his clear-cut, strongly-marked features was equally so. Just as Miss Egerton was making a hasty study of his profile, he turned and fastened his eyes—grey and steady and piercing—upon her.

He had followed Mrs. Hattley, on his side also, with indifference; and first the girl's face and then her name had struck him.

Of course this must be Mrs. Hattley's sister—the beautiful Miss Egerton. Yes; and she was very beautiful.

Meanwhile Miss Egerton had made her horrid study; and now launched headlong into conversation just as any other young lady, not a physiognomist, might have done.

"What a very disagreeable town Bremingly is," she remarked.

The grey eyes, which had been softening into an unconscious smile, suddenly clouded.

Mr. John Davidson knew all about the views Mrs. Hattley had as to Bremingly and its people; and, of course, Miss Egerton was her sister.

"I am sorry you think so," he answered, gravely. He was sorry; he had been remarking what a frank, sympathetic expression the girl had, and it struck him as remarkable that she should hold the same narrow views as Mrs. Hattley.

She noticed the change of expression in the eyes, and understood the reason for it.

"Oh, but I was only alluding to the smoke, you know," she explained, laughing a little; "and even to that in a general sense. In the particular case of Mr. Hattley's tallest chimney at the manufactory, I rather admire it. I can see the top of that chimney in the distance from my bedroom window, over the trees of the garden. I always rose early abroad, and I have not got out of the habit yet; and when I am dressed I sit down on the window-sill and meditate upon the white smoke rising out of that tall red chimney up to the blue, quiet sky. Oh, yes, I was not thinking of what I said. I am very fond of Bremingly."

He kept his eyes fixed on her intently; he could not decide whether or not she was laughing at him.

"A very good subject for meditation it might prove to you or to anyone. It ought to touch your human sympathies, you know, by making you think of all the deft, patient fingers busy at work at the looms below; and, to move the artistic side of your nature, there is the thought of the looms themselves."

She bent forward eagerly. "I know I am very hard-hearted, but I seem to lose all recollection of the people just in that very thought of the flying looms. I picture them to myself with all their vibrating, hurrying hands, and revolving spokes, and droning little wheels, and great, silent, big wheels, until I verily seem to be standing in the midst of them. Machinery in motion has all the awe-inspiring power of some of the grand phenomena of nature."

The dancers were still pacing to and fro; all the gay dresses glittering in the gaslight; the buzz of talk and laughter mingling with the music.

He looked away from the girl straight in amongst them; for some reason or other she had touched him strangely.

"Yes; that dull droning of the wheels, how often I have listened to it," he said at length, in an entirely new tone of voice. "There is no music on earth capable of moving me more deeply."

"And yet you are passionately fond of music of other kinds," she remarked, with a quick look at him.

She had found out this from the shape of his brow—but he was not to know that. She was fathoming all the deepest recesses of his nature; she had touched him again.

"There is very little good music to be heard in Bremingly," he answered, trying to speak indifferently. "I run up to London if there is anything particular going on; and I am often abroad."

"You paint, don't you?" she enquired, in the same eager way.

He almost laughed now, a sudden revulsion of feeling coming to him. The girl was so quick with her questions, she did not even give him time to know his own surprise.

"As much as I have time for," he answered, glancing drolly round at her. "Yes, I am musical, and I paint, and I always was a very good arithmetician. But when I have said that, I am afraid I have said about all. I hope you are not determined to find out very much more. I am a poor linguist, for instance. What scrapes I got myself into at Antwerp, last week! And then I have not always a particularly patient temper."

She met his fun-lit eyes with a look as comical.

"I see; and if I don't care I shall begin to try it. That is what you would have me understand. By-the-way, which paintings particularly impress you in the Antwerp galleries?"

For an hour and more Miss Egerton and Mr. John Davidson, resolute against all interruptions, sat in this corner and talked of the Antwerp galleries.

At the end of that time it was as if they had known each other for years.

The same evening, after the ball was over, Mrs. Hattley attempted once more to remonstrate a little with her sister.

"Victoria, love," she said, "I really think Sir Archibald felt that you had neglected him; and Mr. Beauchamp-Earniston simply left the ball-room."

But Victoria had been standing at the top of the grand staircase to catch Mrs. Hattley, and she was not to be distracted by such information as this.

"Oh, Sophia, I thank you so much for introducing me to Mr. John Davidson. I have spent a most delightful evening in deciphering his forehead, and have besides discovered several important characteristics about him."

But Mrs. Hattley, with a gesture of impatience, had already passed on to her room.

* * * * * *

"Who is Mr. Davidson?"

It was the morning after the ball, and Victoria stood, with her walking things on, fastening her gloves and speaking to her sister just preparatory to going out. She had been receiving some commission for a fancy-wool shop, and still held a bundle of flossy silk in her one hand as she buttoned the glove with the other. In the middle of the buttoning she asked the above question.

"Mr. John Davidson, pray," corrected Mrs. Hattley; "everyone always call him so. You see there is another Mr. Davidson we know, a very important man indeed, not far from Bremingly. Oh, Mr. John Davidson is really a mere nobody—Mr. Hattley's manager in fact. But he has made some important invention regarding looms, which has brought him into notice, and so, of course, we have to be civil to him. I positively do not understand, Victoria, what you can find so interesting about that young man."

A few minutes later Miss Egerton was wending her way along the crowded suburban high-road leading into the heart of Bremingly.

It was a brilliant August morning, and she had on a cool toilette of somewhat delicate shade. As she came fair into the sunshine of the high-road, she put up her parasol with such intense earnestness of manner, that an observer would have judged her in great anxiety as to the probable effect of the sun on her dress.

In point of fact, however, she was completely absorbed in a thought of an entirely different nature.

She had studied Mr. John Davidson's forehead last night very carefully, and yet had failed to decipher the existence of this inventive genius of which she had just heard from Mrs. Hattley. This was very serious.

As she walked on thus in profound and particularly sweet-looking gravity, she lifted her eyes and became aware that Mr. John Davidson was just crossing the high-road before her into a side-street. His face was turned towards her—a singularly grave expression on it too—and as she looked he lifted his hat.

Obeying a sudden impulse, she made him a somewhat excited little sign to stop. When she had crossed over and found him standing still, grave and a little pale, waiting for her, she felt almost confused, and could not imagine why she had made him stop.

"Good-morning, Mr. Davidson," she faltered, with heightened color.

"Good-morning; I hope you are not tired with last night's dancing. I wonder to see you out so early."

He was perfectly kind and composed, looking very neat and gentlemanly in his plain grey clothes, but he was evidently expecting her to say why she had stopped him.

There were some papers in his hand, and after this first remark he stood in silence, evidently waiting.

But in the one flash of her disturbed blue eyes up to Mr. John Davidson's face, Miss Egerton had recovered confidence. No, she said to herself, she would never have suspected him of this inventive genius; she must, whatever it cost, investigate further. She was writing a paper on this very subject.

"I am going this way," she said, with sweet and easy dignity, and with a little well-bred glance of surprise at his expectant attitude. Then she began walking up the cross-street. Somewhat hurriedly, Mr. John Davidson joined her.

Miss Egerton had begun at once again about the Antwerp galleries; and turning her beautiful eyes very frequently round on Mr. Davidson, unheeding the changes in the road, she talked steadily on, amidst the dust and heat, upon the same subject.

Every time Miss Egerton's eyes were turned on him, Mr. John Davidson met them.

Beautiful as they were, and sweet, there was a certain scrutinizing look in them which puzzled and a little irritated him. The truth was, he had been haunted and pursued ever since last night by the recollection of Victoria, but he was a little disappointed in her that she could deliberately have waved him to stop to walk down this cross-street with him.

He answered her queries as to the pictures with rather less evident interest than he had exhibited yesterday; from time to time even a little stiffly.

Perhaps, besides everything else, he was the least bit tired of the Antwerp galleries.

Meantime Victoria was so absolutely enwrapped in her vexation at having failed in such an important point of discernment that she was barely conscious of what she was saying. No, no, she would never have known.

Was this all the progress that a year's study had brought her, she asked herself with stern bitterness, an almost tragic expression for the moment flashing into her eyes.

She had thought herself a clever physiognomist and phrenologist, and here was a great inventor and she would never have known it.

Enthusiastically earnest in her hobby, Victoria's distress was very real. At last, almost involuntary, she put it into words.

"I hear," said she suddenly, with a slight quiver in her tone, "that you are an inventor. I should never have guessed it."

Mr. John Davidson started and quailed. It was of course an awkward remark of Victoria's, quite unworthy of her.

Many and many a time before now, not infrequently in a pause of conversation in some drawing-room, people had said, across the room, to John Davidson, that they understood he was an inventor, adding an enquiry as to the nature of his invention.

But these had been people visibly incapable of comprehending the cruel feeling of laceration such dragging forth, with rough grasp, into light, of a delicate and dear idol can cause.

He had got into the way of expecting such questions from people of this sort, and of setting his lips and bracing himself up to answer steadily, but this had descended on him just now like a thunderbolt.

All the color flooded his brow; but, before he had time to reply, a strange, soft, sweet change had swept into Victoria's face.

"Hark," she said, pausing and holding up her hand in a listening attitude, "Oh, Mr. Davidson, hark!"

They had just turned into a narrow, very quiet lane, only some fifty yards long, a short cut between two busy streets. It went in a sort of semi-circle, and at the point where Victoria had paused, where there was a deserted two-storied house, came the dull roar of machinery in motion.

At Miss Egerton's abrupt call to hearken, Mr. Davidson stood, crossing his arms with a rapid movement and bending his head a little.

There was something going, some piece of machinery, louder than all the rest, just inside the window, with a thud and a whirl, then a rasping sound and a whirl again.

Slowly Mr. Davidson raised his face, all the pain and embarrassment of a few moments ago gone from it, a strange smile hovering about his lips, his eyes slightly dim.

"Yes, I hear," he said, in a tone with a soft ring in it; "it is a fine sound; I have listened to it before. That is my loom."

He had turned his face round, in his strange slow way, without altering his bent attitude.

Miss Egerton, her beautiful features radiant, met his eyes. A strange and softer expression than any flashed into both their faces and was gone.

Miss Egerton started and went hurrying down the lane, Mr. John Davidson following her.

Neither of them spoke. Miss Egerton was trembling, she could not have told why; an odd choking sensation at her throat; feeling, too, as if a dozen years had come and gone since she entered the lane; feeling as though the old life were long since dead, and this, a new era, had now begun for her.

Mr. Davidson was pale and grave as when she had waved him to stop at the entrance to the cross-street. Swift as lightning a total revulsion of feeling came to Miss Egerton.

What was the explanation of her own intense emotion? How dared this man call it forth in her?

She abruptly burst into a peal of laughter.

"Fancy my listening to a loom under a window!" she cried.

Mr. John Davidson paused, raised his head with a jerk and looked blankly before him; then turned a searching and rapid glance round at the girl, as though this had fallen upon him with such incongruity that he was unable to comprehend.

Suddenly he paced on with increased rapidity, a terrible change coming to his eyes.

And he had spoken to this girl of his loom!

They were now at the door of Mr. Hattley's factory. Not a word had crossed either of their lips since Miss Egerton's little mocking remark.

They paused at the door of the factory and Mr. Davidson turned to her, his face expressive of cold disapproval.

"I have come all this way past the woolshop with you," she said, with a little attempt at bravado, "and now I think you ought to go back with me."

"Most willingly," replied Mr. John Davidson, frigidly. And before she could prevent him he had wheeled round and walked to the end of the street with her. At the door of the woolshop he lifted his hat and left her.

It was later in the day, and even warmer, when Victoria got back to Mrs. Hattley's, and in the quiet solitude of her own room she threw herself into an easy chair and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

* * * * * *

More than a month had passed. It was the last day of September—a chilly, windy morning—and Mrs. Hattley, turning into the courtyard of the factory, in her handsomely-appointed barouche, pulled her sable mantle closer and shivered.

As the carriage drew up at the portion of the building where Mr. Hattley's offices were situated, Mr. John Davidson appeared at a doorway. Mrs. Hattley alighted hastily and shook hands very graciously.

During the past month John Davidson had been frequently at the Hattleys. Mr. Hattley, on the point of starting for an important business trip to America, had much to settle with his manager.

Mrs. Hattley had, at the beginning, almost felt offended at Mr. Davidson's extreme formality of manner both to her and Victoria.

Often Mr. Hattley would invite him to stay to dinner after the business meetings, but it was not often that he would allow himself to be persuaded.

It was not that Mrs. Hattley cared much about John Davidson's opinion; but there was something particularly galling in so very evident a resolution that their acquaintanceship should not develop into intimacy. If there was to be any such ban at all, she remarked to Victoria, it should certainly have been on their side, and Victoria had assented.

When all was said, the man was young and good-looking and gentlemanly and talented.

Mr. Hattley predicted all sorts of future greatness for him, and Mrs. Hattley, spirited and popular and young herself, did not quite like that he should look so coldly on her and her pretty sister. However, she was glad that Victoria seemed to have lost all interest in deciphering his forehead.

Then a change had come. He had suddenly grown very markedly interested in all pertaining to Victoria, and Victoria, on her side, had appeared to return to the scrutiny of the forehead with vigor. In the middle of this Mr. Hattley had started for America.

Just before his departure his wife had managed to whisper a word of her alarm to him, and he first had opened his placid blue eyes, and then had laughed and said he did not feel himself entitled to interfere.

Then she had tried reasoning with Victoria.

There was such a thing, she assured her beautiful sister very gravely, as compromising oneself by studying even a man's forehead too seriously. Victoria had laughed still more than Mr. Hattley.

As the days went on and things seemed to be becoming more pronounced, Mrs. Hattley decided that some serious action must be taken.

Victoria was undeniably a great beauty and belonged to an excellent family. The very contemplation of such an union was ridiculous.

She had ordered her carriage this morning, leaving Victoria absorbed in the contemplation of a miniature loom, and had driven along the dusty roads to the factory, determined on what she was to do. The first person she saw, coming out of a side doorway, was John Davidson.

She went over and shook hands with him particularly graciously.

"It is so bitterly chilly," she remarked. "I quite regretted all the way having ordered an open carriage."

"I am sorry there is no fire in here," said Mr. Davidson, opening the door of a little private office. "I can easily have it lighted."

"Oh, no, thank you," she answered; "I am not going to stay."

She spoke hurriedly and with a certain trouble in her manner. John Davidson's steady eyes were noting her unusual confusion, and she knew that it was so.

"I—I have had a telegram from my husband. He arrived quite safely at Chicago," she added, feeling unequal to proceed with what she had to say at once.

"Yes, the journey so far appears to have been remarkably pleasant," he answered, politely. "I had a telegram from him this morning myself."

"Oh, well, Mr. Davidson, the fact is, it was not exactly about the telegram I came. I have something I wish to say to you, and I can only hope that you will accept it in the spirit in which it is spoken. I consider it right to explain to you now what I think my sister Victoria ought to have explained herself at the outset, in case of any misunderstanding on your part—that, being exceedingly devoted to the study of physiognomy, and judging your face and forehead a remarkable one, she has been ardently cultivating your society with a view of improving her knowledge of the science. Mr. Davidson, if you unhappily have mistaken the interest of my sister's for a deeper feeling, I can only say that I regret much that it should be so, and I would ask you to remember, should you be inclined to think hardly of Victoria, that she is very young."

It was not strictly true all this that she was saying to him—not true to the letter; but she looked him straight in the face as she said it.

She was aware that she was not acting honorably in thus misrepresenting what she knew to be her sister's feelings; but, having made up her mind, she deliberately did it.

Not the faintest quiver of change came to his expression.

After Mrs. Hattley finished speaking a perfectly dead silence followed, broken only by the loud ticking of a clock on the mantlepiece.

"I must thank you very much for this warning," said Mr. John Davidson at length, "of which the forethought is so remarkable that you will pardon its taking me completely by surprise. Under the circumstances, however, does it not strike you that any such warning has been a little unnecessary?"

"Under what circumstances?" enquired Mrs. Hattley, drawing herself up and flushing.

Mr. Davidson's attitude was still gravely and gracefully polite, but the look of repressed, and very contemptuous, amusement in eyes and mouth there was no longer any mistaking.

"I allude to my immediate departure for America. I start for Liverpool this afternoon. It is true that I must return here ere I set sail; but virtually, after to-day, I shall have said 'good-bye' to Bremingly. As Mr. Hattley will probably intrust me with the carrying out of the arrangements for our new factories there, it will, in all likelihood, be a year or two before I get back again. Before that time I feel perfectly assured your sister will have removed all danger out of my way by definitely levelling her researches on some object more worthy their attention. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hattley, I must thank you once again for your extreme forethought on my account."

She had complained of feeling cold, and the repose of her manner had over and over again been adjudged perfect; but with a crimson flush on her face she was hurrying out of the office in a way she would have condemned in her own housemaid.

"This is surely very sudden?" she managed to stammer.

"So far as the early train this afternoon goes, yes; but a business man's time, you know, Mrs. Hattley, is never his own. I regret that I shall not have an opportunity of giving your sister a final physiognomical interview. You will wish her all success from me in the prosecution of her scientific studies."

A few minutes later Mrs. Hattley, in a mingled fever of indignation and humiliation such as she had never known before, was driving rapidly homewards.

She had gone to this man and spoken as she had gone, and all the time he had been thinking about them so little that he had never even cared to let them know of his coming departure.

Stay; he must have told Victoria; yes, and this was why Victoria had laughed when she had warned her against the danger of such an intimacy.

It was too bad, too unkind of Victoria, not to have explained matters.

Arrived at home, the tears of vexation rising in her eyes as John Davidson's face of repressed amusement presented itself to her mental vision, she went at once, indignantly, to her sister.

"Victoria," she began, "why did you not tell me John Davidson was going away to America?" Then, as Victoria's start spoke more plainly than words: "What! you did not know either! He is leaving early this afternoon, and will not be back for a year or two. Just to think," she went on, a sudden and very illogical feeling of anger sweeping across her at John Davidson's indifference to her sister, as she noticed the strange bent attitude Victoria's figure had taken: "Just to remember the kindness we have shown that man, and he does not even tell us he is going away, or care to say goodbye. Is it not too humiliating?"

But Victoria, the bright and strong and high-spirited, answered nothing at all. She had fainted.

* * * * * *

It was evening; a windy, dusty evening—just such as the morning had been premonitory of; and Victoria, a long cloak over her black lace dress, was beating against it alone—away down amidst the crowds in the city.

Rough workmen on their way home, and pre-occupied clerks; and bustling message boys; and apple-sellers shivering at their stands—hardly one but turned a more or less curious glance after the girl's graceful, hurrying figure.

She went rapidly on, without once raising her eyes. It was still very early evening, but from end to end of the sky there was nothing but a dead, lavender-colored gloom, that cast a dreary shadow over everything.

By-and-bye Victoria turned into the little lane passing the back of the factory. For the first time she put back her veil and looked up.

She had reached the angle of the lane, above which towered the back of the factory, and now came to a dead stand there.

The lane was perfectly deserted, and she stood in the middle and fastened her eyes feverishly on the building she had been determined to come to to gaze once at that building before putting aside for ever all old thoughts, and had stepped away unseen in her absorbing unhappiness, indifferent as to what alarm Mrs. Hattley might suffer.

She would never be happy again, she told herself; never be a free, light-hearted girl again. The wound might be partially healed in the years to come, but she would never be quite the same woman again. She had loved John Davidson, and he had slighted her.

Work was all over for to-night. The great grey back of the building, at which she stood gazing, was silent as the grave. From the slow deepening of the gloom overhead it seemed as if there might soon be rain.

All at once, as Miss Egerton stood there, a sudden sound made her start round.

John Davidson, whom she had believed to be miles away in the hurrying train, was standing beside her.

His head was a little bent forward; he was straining his piercing eyes at her as if, from the mere turn of her attitude, he would fathom her to the very soul.

How well he loved her! Little did Mrs. Hattley think that the very first idea of his departure had come to him whilst the terribly purported disclosure as to Victoria's feelings was being made.

He knew at once, in that moment, that his only hope out of a misery which might end in the destruction of his whole future, lay in the instant excitement of new scenes, a new line of life and thought. It never occurred to him to doubt Mrs. Hattley in the slightest.

He remembered all; the way Victoria had looked at him; her laugh while listening under the window of the factory. Of course she had been mocking him all along. How that laugh haunted and stung him.

He had announced himself summoned abroad, and made hasty preparations for leaving by an afternoon train. Then a chance had delayed him until evening.

He had been making some indispensable purchases; bidding adieus from time to time too, with a canker-worm bitter as death at his heart, and talking much of the new American factories.

Suddenly, in the very middle of one of these adieus, he had been struck dumb by the sight of Victoria's hurrying figure. Tearing himself away unceremoniously, leaving his friend looking after him in surprise, he had swiftly followed her, filled with a vague hope he could not have defined.

He had come fair up after her into the lane here, and had found her enwrapped in contemplation of the point he, too, only a little earlier, had been contemplating with sad emotion.

"Victoria," he burst out, "I have been deceived; it was not true about the physiognomy; or supposing it so have been true at first—you love me now. You have loved me—oh, tell me that it is so—from the day that we stood here together listening to my loom."

It had come so suddenly on her. In the middle of the whirl of her emotions she had an awful sensation of fear at the wild beating of her own heart.

She could not move. She raised her eyes and looked at him and waited until she could speak.

"From that day—certainly," she answered, distinctly, at last. "I cannot attempt to deny it. I think, even, that I had loved you from the night I first saw you enter the ball-room. But what does it matter?—you are going away."

He came forward and closed his two hands tenderly over one of hers—his features, that had been set so firmly, quivering with deep emotion. He had never, not even a moment ago, dreamed of such an intoxicating answer as this.

"Never, now," he said, brokenly. "Ah, Victoria, it was for your sweet sake that I was leaving; and for your sweet sake I will remain."

The Black Signal.

BY J. CARBELL.

"BY-THE-MARK-SIX!" cried the leadsman in the chains.

"Let go all! Stand clear the cable!" roared the boatswain, as little Midshipman St. Clair ran forward to him with the order.

With a loud rumble away went the cable, and a moment later the English frigate Thetis, Captain Bingham, was anchored off Puna, on the Guayaquil River, which the shallowness of the water would not have permitted her to ascend much further.

The captain of the Thetis was a brave sailor, but cruel and harsh to his men.

A few days after the Thetis had anchored, he resolved to go to Guayaquil in his gig.

Amongst the English vessel's crew there was a man named Thomas Hastings—a minister's son—whose circumstances had induced him to ship aboard the man-of-war, leaving at home a wife and children, to whom, whenever opportunity offered, he would send the little sums which he occasionally received from the midshipman and others for giving them instructions in Latin and French.

Having a gentle, amiable disposition, he was a favorite with all aboard, and the officers would often chat with him in the night watches on deck.

Although he had passed the medical board of examination when he shipped, yet the hardships of a sea life finally made him ill.

He was for a time confined to the "sick bay" (an apartment for the sick) with a trouble of the chest, from which he was scarcely recovered when he expressed a wish—which was granted—to return to duty.

This happened about the time the Thetis anchored in the river, where the oppressive heat was calculated to reduce his strength and flesh.

In fact, his form was already much wasted, his shoulders were bowed, and his chest again troubled him, but having heard the captain say that he believed most of the men on the sick list were pretending to be worse than they really were, and fearing that he might be reckoned among the number, he would not again apply to the doctor.

When the commander proposed going up to Guayaquil in the gig, Hastings heard an old sailor say that it was a perilous undertaking, on account of a strong current near the town.

"He may not think enough of this, and should be warned," remarked Midshipman St. Clair, who was a stripling of fourteen—the son of the first lieutenant. Both father and son, having known Hastings at home, took an interest in him, and had promised to be his friends aboard the frigate.

"The captain is so crabbed," continued St. Clair, "that I would not like to be the one to warn him."

"I will do so," said Hastings. "I feel that it is my duty, after what I have heard about the dangerous current."

He at once walked up to the captain, who was on the quarter-deck, saluted, and took off his hat.

"Well, what is it?" inquired Bingham.

"I have heard an old sailor, who has visited Guayaquil, say that the current near the town is too strong for a little gig, and as I understand that you are going there in yours, I thought it best to tell you."

"What impudence! Do you suppose I do not know my own business? Away with you, man, and if you break the rules again by coming, without being summoned, on the quarter-deck I'll have you flogged—give you a hundred lashes!"

"I am afraid it would be my last, as well as my first flogging, sir," answered Hastings.

Ere the captain could reply, young St. Clair stepped up, touching his cap to [illegible] commander.

"It is my fault, sir, that Hastings came here to speak to you, as I remarked to him that you ought to be warned."

"And did you also advise him to use mutinous language? What did you mean," he added, turning to the sailor," 'by saying it would be your last flogging?'"

"Only this, sir: I am far from feeling well. I have a trouble in my chest; have not much strength, and therefore know that I would not survive a hundred lashes."

"But was not what you meant?"

"But was it, sir.'

The captain, however, said he felt convinced that a threat was contained in the words that offended him—that they were mutinous; and he ordered the sergeant of Marines to put Hastings in irons.

Little St. Clair vainly pleaded in behalf of the prisoner.

The latter was court-martialed that same day, and, in spite of the efforts of the lieutenants, who, so far as they dared, strove to alter the captain's decision, the sailor was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes on his bare back.

The sentence was not only deeply regretted by all the foremast hands, but also by the officers and midshipmen, with whom Hastings, as stated, was a favorite.

Young St. Clair was wretched.

Although innocently the cause of the man's trouble, yet he realized that he had been the means of bringing it upon him.

Now he worked himself almost into a fever trying to think of some way to prevent his being flogged.

He spoke about it to the ship's chaplain, who was a kind-hearted man, and who promised to do his best to persuade the captain to revoke the sentence.

"He wants me to accompany him in the gig," continued the chaplain, "and while I am with him I will endeavor to use my influence. If I succeed, I will try to hire some boatmen to repair to the frigate, with a message to the captain not to flog Hastings."

Not long after the captain departed in his gig, taking the chaplain with him, and leaving his orders with Lieutenant St. Clair to have the sentence on Hastings carried into effect.

This, he said, was to be done at about "eight bells" in the afternoon, two days later, whether he (the captain) had returned from his trip or not.

The lieutenant made a last effort in the prisoner's behalf.

"I command this frigate," answered Captain Bingham; "and, once for all, I tell you I will not spare that man. If you were commander here, you could do as you pleased; but, as it is, sir," he added sternly, "remember, it is your duty, under all circumstances, to obey my orders."

In the afternoon—the second day after the departure of Bingham, who had not yet returned—a harsh, prolonged call from the boatswain's pipe rang through the ship, followed by the hoarse command, "All hands on deck to witness punishment!"

In a moment the ratlines were alive with men coming thronging about the gangway; and at the same moment the master-at-arms appeared with the prisoner.

Hastings glanced neither to the right nor the left.

His head was a little bent, and he looked sorrowful—deeply pained at the disgraceful punishment he was to receive. One of the gratings was placed just forward of the gangway, and on this he was made to stand while his feet were being fastened to it with worming.

His irons had been taken off, and now he was divested of his jacket and shirt, thus revealing his bent and wasted back. Next his hands were fastened, wide apart, to the bulwarks, when the boatswain's mate reluctantly came forward, drawing the cat-o'-nine-tails) out of its sheath, and clearing it strings.

Then he looked at the first lieutenant—St. Clair—whose duty it now was to say, "Go on, boatswain's mate!"

But it seemed as if the lieutenant could not find voice to give the cruel command.

Thrice did he open his lips to do so, but the sight of the wasted back and lean arms seemed to restrain him.

The second and third lieutenants, the purser, the surgeon and his mates exchanged glances; even the iron-hearted lieutenant of Marines was visibly affected.

But at last St. Clair seemed about to give the order, when there was a shout from his little son, who, for some moments, from the rail on which he stood, had been eagerly gazing up the river.

"A boat coming this way, and making signals to us with a black flag!" he cried.

"It is not our boat—not the gig," said his father, after a brief look.

"But it may be a message coming from the captain to countermand the order about the flogging. You know the chaplain was against it, and as he went with the captain he may have succeeded in persuading him not to have Hastings flogged, after all."

"No, no," answered the lieutenant, sadly. "You can see that the boat is a long boat, probably a pinnace, and making for one of the merchant craft anchored about us."

"For God's sake, father, wait and see before you flog Hastings. I will go aloft and take a better look."

His father watched until he had reached the main-royal; then he shouted, "Aloft there! What do you see?"

"The black signal is still waving, and the boat is coming this way."

"Is it not a long-boat?"

"Yes."

"Then it is bound for someone of the merchantmen."

As he spoke, the frigate's bell gave eight strokes.

The flogging must be no longer delayed. The lieutenant must obey his captain's orders. His duty compelled him to the painful task.

"Go on, boatswain's mate!" he cried, hoarsely.

Up went the lash. Hastings shivered, and a hollow cough escaped him.

The flush of pride and shame tinged his sunken cheeks.

At the same instant the little midshipman sprang upright on the royal yard.

"Avast, there!" he shouted, in his clear, shrill voice. "Father, stay the flogging. I see some of our men. I can make out their dress now. They are really signalling to us with that black flag."

The boatswain's mate, reluctant to strike, had kept the lash poised for a few seconds, and it was just as he was about to bring it down that the boy's cry was heard.

"Hold! We will wait!" said the lieutenant.

With a sigh of relief, the man lowered the "cat," while all eyes were hopefully turned towards the approaching boat.

"Strange!" said the lieutenant. "I can now see the crew of the gig, but no sign of the captain or the chaplain."

Still the boat continued to approach, and still the black signal was solemnly waved to and fro.

A murmur of surprise was heard from one end of the frigate to the other.

At last the boat was near enough to be hailed.

"Gig's crew, ahoy!" shouted the lieutenant. "What has happened?"

"The captain and chaplain are both drowned, sir!" answered the coxswain.

Further particulars were given, when he and his shipmates boarded the frigate.

Arrived near the town of Guayaquil, the gig, caught by a strong current, was carried athwart the cable of a French brig with a force which caused the boat to burst asunder.

Captain Bingham and the chaplain went down and were seen no more; but all the crew were saved by means of the long-boat, which was lowered from the French vessel.

The first lieutenant, now having command of the ship, was enabled to release Hastings, shake him by the hand, express his gratification at not being obliged to carry out the undeserved sentence the captain had pronounced against him.

The Tuscia half-masted her colors and fired minute guns as a mourning tribute to the dead; but even while the flag waved, and the thunderous roar shook the frigate, there was joy in the hearts of the gunners and all at the escape of Hastings unmerited punishment.

ABOUT MATCHES.

May it not be said to smack of the wildest form of communism, the last matter standing by which, among the brotherhood of smokers, any stranger, be his station or dress what it may, has the privilege of demanding from the casual passer-by the favor of "a light"?

Amidst the numerous attacks directed against the habit of smoking, and what have been not unfitly termed its allied comforts, from the time of King James' famous *Counterblast*, this one point seems to have escaped the ever-ready notice of the many opponents of tobacco—namely, the essentially democratic influence attendant on the indulgence of the weed.

These excellent people who are for ever inquiring into the causes and origin of everything about them, will, of course, explain the universal custom among smokers of thus freely affording assistance to each other in the matter of matches, if not ex[illegible] some still surviving relic of the cult of our fire-worshipping ancestors, at least by the tradition handed down to us from those days, far nearer to our own times, when the difficulty of obtaining a "light" caused it to be a positive kindness for those in possession of the sacred fire to impart it to their less fortunate neighbors.

When our grandfathers, with their flint and steel, chipped their knuckles over their tinder-box, as the frugal French peasantry to this day continue to do, in order to evade the extravagance of the costly and too often harmful matches of some monopoly; when the later dangers of thrusting a sulphur-tipped stick into an explosive bottle are recalled — for friction-matches have been known but half a century—the offer of a "light" was indeed a service, and the tradition has still been retained.

When the trouble of striking a light at that not very distant time comes to be remembered by those who nowadays enjoy the luxury of so cheaply purchasing matches something of the freemasonry which still survives among the smoking community in the matter at least of "a light" can be easily understood. The custom, it may be observed, is [illegible]versal.

The smoker is acutely aware of the sufferings of a brother whose pipe is filled, or whose cigar end is ready bitten or cut off, but whose inability to obtain a light robs him of the ineffable delight of a puff. Those who do not smoke, it is asserted, cannot enter the subtle sensations and emotions which attend the indulgence in the weed; and it is perhaps with something of a savage delight—modified by the variations of individual character—that on occasions such as these the non-smoker grimly informs the stranger that he "can not oblige with a light."

Fortunately, by a tacitly accepted code of modern manners, it is understood that the appeal for the favor of a match, even when acceded to, is not to be regarded as the prelude to any further intimacy. Now, in the past, and indeed to the present hour, the offer of a snuff-box was, and is, a distinct invitation to further intercourse, only to be repelled by a stern refusal to share in the titillating pleasures of a pinch. How the social and conversational distinction between the appeal for a match and the offer of a snuff-box came to be so well marked, is a question difficult to accurately determine. The attention of a "light" costs so little, that the humblest outcast is thus enabled to oblige the wealthiest millionaire, who is not ashamed in the hour of need to thus show his dependence on the generosity of others.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Common as canary birds are, the number that can sing regular tunes is exceedingly few. One of these rare songsters died in New York the other day, for which its owner had refused $500. The little fellow had been trained to such a point that he could render some of Mozart's pieces so beautifully as to charm the listeners. Evidently his "higher education" was too much of a strain, for he died in an apoplectic fit, and now there are said to be but two more "tune birds" in the whole city.

None one of an inquiring turn of mind has been trying to definitely determine the average money value of a stolen kiss in the United States. Late court rulings show that the act of forcible osculation in Pennsylvania costs $750 while in New York it is placed at $2500. New Jersey, with a shocking disregard for the merits of the stolen sweets to be drawn from the ruby lips of her lovely lasses, puts the value of a kiss at $1.15. Kissing goes by favor is a trite saying, but the figures submitted indicate that the sands of Jersey offer the greatest inducements to indulge in this delightful diversion.

The truly Russian restaurant is very different from the European ones. According to a Russian letter the waiters are all attired in white from head to foot, with a large black purse at the waist, and are always men. There is generally a large barrel organ which gives out the latest airs. It is wonderful how much tea a Russian will drink. The writer entered, one morning, one of these restaurants with a young Russian. Ten was ordered and one glass followed another with the Russian until he had drank seven. He said he had often drank eleven, and that fifteen were not too many for an old hand. The tea is drank alone, or with lemon, and the sugar eaten from the hand.

The ordinance passed last month by the City Council of Atlanta, Ga., regulating the sale of liquor, requires the Chief of Police to keep a black list, upon which shall be placed the names and descriptions of all persons who have been convicted of drunkenness on the streets the second time, and it directs that this information shall be furnished every retail dealer in spirituous or malt liquor doing business in the city, and that any saloon keeper, or his agent, who shall furnish or sell liquor to any one whose name appears on the black list shall, upon conviction, be required to pay a fine not exceeding $500, or serve a term of imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or both, in the discretion of the court. The first man who graced the black list is said to have been an old offender whose name has often figured in local police annals.

The Via Merulina Convent in Rome will remain the possession of the nuns until the death of the last of them, when the property will go to the city. The sixteen remaining Franciscan nuns, who are called the Sepulte Vive or the Buried Alive, are still in the old monastery. These nuns, some of them ladies of noble families, observe a very strict rule. Once entering the convent they never leave it alive. They never see men, not even the priest who says mass in the chapel. The altar is screened off, and they can just see the elevation of the host. Through a small aperture they receive communion. Iron gratings and a linen veil guard the small openings through which they make confession. They never undress for repose, but spend half the night in prayer, and keep, except in the extreme case of illness, a perpetual absence from meat. They make almost everything they use, even to shoes and medicines. If a parent of one of these nuns dies, the announcement is not made to the nun herself, but in general terms it is said that one of them has lost by death a father or a mother, as the case may be.

A late number of an official Chinese newspaper contains a memorial from two very high officials, praying the Emperor to reward two deities with tablets and honorific appellations, they having behaved very well for a number of years past. The deities in question are the god of war and the guardian deity of the city of Hanchow, in Kiangsu, where both have temples. In times of flood, drought or other distress they have never failed to remove the ban and restore peace and happiness. Thus in the summer of 1876 there was no rain for three months and the crops were being burned up. A band of rebels took advantage of this situation to work upon the feelings of the starving people and a crisis was expected. But on prayer being offered to those deities seasonable rain fell, in such abundance that the rebel following [illegible] away. Again, in 1879 and 1882, when the crops were deluged with floods, recourse to the same deities had the effect of securing good weather. Early in the summer of the present year, when the country was suffering from a scarcity of rain, the people repaired to the temples to ask the intervention of these gods. The same day a response was given to their prayers in the shape of plenteous and refreshing showers. The present application for the bestowal of honors on these deities is made at the request of the people of the neighborhood, and the memorialists conceive that the cases of the beneficial divine interposition cited above are sufficient to justify the Emperor in favorably entertaining the application.

GOOD MANNERS IN THE HOUSE.—The presence of good manners is no where more needed or more effective than in the household, or perhaps no where more rare. Wherever familiarity exists there is a tendency to lose the check upon selfish conduct which the presence of strangers involuntarily produces. Many persons who are kind and courteous in company are rude and careless with those whom they love best. Emerson says good manners are made up of petty sacrifices; and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making small sacrifices one for another. Children thus learn good manners in the best and most natural way, and habits thus acquired will never leave them. Courtesy and kindliness will never lose their power or their charm; and, while all spurious imitations of them are to be despised, their real presence should be honored and cherished by all. M. S.

ROBBERS entered the house of an old miser living near Paris, Ark., recently, and, binding him to a chair, began to shoot to see which of the party could come the nearest to his ears without hitting his head. After having both ears pierced by bullets the old man begged so piteously for mercy that he was released. The robbers secured $[illegible] from him, all the money there was in the house.

FORT SMITH, Ark., was recently the scene of a novel sight. The town has no paved streets, so that when it rains walking is rather unpleasant. Some ingenious residents hitched a pair of mules to a skiff, one drove the mules, another used it as oars, and a third managed the rudder. The sight caused a good deal of cheering from the crowd that watched it.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the aged historian, accounts for his long life, by the fact that he was the middle child in his father's family; that he has always been in bed by 10 o'clock at night, and that he spends four hours in the open air every day unless prevented by stormy weather.

FRONTIER FRIVOLITIES.

The All Night Dance in Which "Ole Virginia Never Tires."

A writer in the American Magazine gives a very felicitous description of a dancing party in the sparsely settled portion of Virginia.

These parties are events of great importance, drawing friends and acquaintances for many miles around. They will come, perhaps from distant counties, a day's journey or more, to participate in the festivities.

The method of travel is "on horseback," and as the roads are bad and frequently bridgeless, the journeying must be accomplished between "sun up" and dark. This would be sufficient reason, if there were no other, for keeping up their merry-making through the entire night, as is the universal custom.

Old and young join in the dancing, which is only suspended for the hearty supper at midnight, and the "sweet supper" as it is called, of cakes, jellies, and tarts, which is furnished just before daybreak.

As the sun rises the visitors mount their horses and start on their homeward journey, perhaps of many hours duration. It seems like paying a severe penalty for a few hours enjoyment, but these tough, hardy settlers do not visit pleasures as easily as our modern, hot-house society plants.

In the log-cabin days of the early settlers in the northern states, the all-night dance was a common feature of social life, and old and young, for miles around, were participants. They were a hardy race, perhaps because they enjoyed themselves, took plenty of exercise and but little medicine. They enjoyed a rugged old age, because they found medicine or fear of [illegible] in nature's remedies, the roots and herbs of near-by fields and forests, which cured them, and left no after ill effects.

The people of to-day might be more rugged and enjoy life better if they would have recourse to nature's remedies, instead of mineral drugs. With a purpose of giving them a chance to try this course H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure have had prepared, from the best recipes, used in real log cabin days, a line of remedies known as Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, comprising a Sarsaparilla, a Hops and Buchu Remedy, a [illegible] and Consumption Remedy, an Extract for External and Internal use, Liver Pills, Rose Cream for catarrh, Sealpine for Head and [illegible], all of which [illegible]. They are all vegetable compounds, harmless, and just such remedies as were used by our grandmothers with the best effects.

Our Young Folks.

TURKEY AND COCHIN-CHINA.

BY H. F.

"OF all the birds that are so smart there's none like pretty turkey," remarked a fine old gobbler as he sunned himself in the farmyard.

"Cock-a-doodle-too," remarked the Cochin-China cock cheerfully, as he listened.

"Cock-a-doodle, don't, please," said the Gobbler. "You are too noisy; and I want to rest, Chanticleer!"

"Shan't I make whatever noise I wish, Gobbler?" responded the other bird. "You are greedy and jealous. Go away. Cock-a-doodle-too!"

Now any child who will give up time to the question, and will sit for a few days and nights in a farmyard, may find out for himself or herself how much such remarks made by a Cochin-China fowl will annoy a Turkey gobbler.

Cochin-China and Turkey are such very different and distant places, you know, that you cannot expect a China bird and a Turkey bird to agree very well. Can you?

At any rate, in this case they did not, and the turkey was jealous. Shall I tell you why?

Yes: it was because the hen had some nice white eggs to sit upon, and Mrs. Gobbler had not. So the proud and egotistical Gobbler wanted white eggs like Mrs. Chanticleer's for his wife, and was not contented with the eggs which he found in his own nest.

Can you fancy any bird being so very foolish as to quarrel and dispute about the color of eggs? Some children quarrel about toys, I know, and some about bread and butter and cake, but did you ever hear of any quarrelling about the color of two kinds of eggs? I never did, and I should think my children very silly if they did so.

Well, the old Gobbler said to himself, "I will take some of Mrs. Chanticleer's white eggs and give them to Mrs. Gobbler; and I will put some of our eggs in their place. They will not know the difference, and then we will have 'white little turkeys' instead of speckled ones.

Foolish Turkey! you know the turkey's eggs are speckled, but chicken's eggs will never bring turkeys.

But how was Mr. Gobbler to get the white eggs? And supposing he had got them, how could he get them home to his nest?

I am afraid he was a wicked turkey. He was not to be trusted like the other fowls, but he strutted about as usual, and gobbled at any one who came into the yard. He was very cross with children all that day, and very rude to Mr. Chanticleer, the Cochin-China; but he very politely paid Mrs. Chanticleer a visit in the home where she was sitting.

"Good day, Mrs. Chanticleer; what a beautiful sight Madam Duck's children are swimming on the pond! I wish you could see them!"

"I wish I could," replied Mrs. Chanticleer, "but I cannot leave home. Mr. Chanticleer is out all day, and I must keep home for him and look after the eggs too."

"He ought to help you," said the turkey. "I would if I could: and those little ducklings are such a pretty sight! The colors of their little coats are lovely. You have never seen such a pretty sight, I am sure."

"O, dear me!" sighed Mrs. Chanticleer. "We poor hens have a great deal to put up with! Yet they call us chicken-hearted, Mr. Gobbler!"

"No one would call you chicken-hearted, I am sure, Mrs. Chanticleer," replied the wily turkey; "you are brave and 'plucky,' as they call it; and those dear little ducks of ducklings——"

"I will run out and see them—if you will keep house while I am away," said Mrs. Chanticleer, suddenly; "I shall not be long. I do want to see those ducklings so much!"

"I will sit here with pleasure," replied the turkey politely. "Don't be too long, as I am not much accustomed to Cochin-China habits."

"I will not be two minutes," cackled Mrs. Chanticleer; so she quitted her nest at once, and hurried off to see the little ducklings in the pond in the farmyard.

As soon as the hen was out of sight the old Gobbler produced from under his wing two speckled eggs, and putting them in the nest, took out two fine Cochin-China eggs, which he placed under his wing to keep warm until he got home.

He had scarcely settled himself in the hen's place when Mrs. Chanticleer herself came back in a great hurry, and, almost out of breath, resumed her place.

"Dear me! Thank you! I am sorry I gave you so much trouble, sir. The ducklings are beautiful, certainly. Good day."

She was afraid some one had seen her, and was now very anxious to get rid of Mr. Gobbler, for she feared he might tell tales, though of course he did not intend to do so. He was quite satisfied with having got the eggs, and counted on white turkeys! Silly Gobbler!

"Ah!" he said to himself, "Chanticleer shall see that he isn't the only bird that can bring up white chickens! He thinks a Gobbler can't have white turkey chickens, does he? I'll gobble him!"

So very carefully he carried home the eggs, and gave them to his wife, who promised to take great care of them. So she did.

But after a while Mr. Chanticleer went to look at his family of eggs, and he saw two speckled ones with his own. Then he knew that the turkey had taken two of his eggs, and left two turkey eggs instead. "What a stupid old Gobbler!" he said to his wife. "But I'll punish him!"

That very day the turkey eggs had been hatched, and all of them had come out turkeys, for the two Cochin-China eggs did not come out at all! So Mr. Gobbler thought he would give them back again. When he had put them under his wing he started off to the field where Mrs. Chanticleer lived, and when he flew over the farmyard gate he saw Mr. Chanticleer not far off with Mrs. Chanticleer. Mr. Gobbler let the eggs fall, and they broke; but the Cochin-Chinas saw them, and Mr. Chanticleer was very angry. He flew at the Gobbler in a moment, caught him by the wattles and fixed his feet in the turkey's neck.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble—let go my wattles!" screamed the turkey.

"What!" crowed the cock. "Who stole my wife's eggs, and put those horrid speckled ones in our nest? Oh, you wicked, jealous Gobbler! What do you mean by it?"

The turkey was so surprised that he could not speak. He struggled, and at last the Cochin-China let him go. Several other fowls came out to look at the turkey, who was very angry, and very much hurt. He couldn't gobble at all for three days, and by that time Mrs. Chanticleer had ten nice little chickens and two tiny turkeys to look after; but when Mr. Gobbler went to let him have the little turkeys, they wouldn't go near him, but ran away to Mrs. Chanticleer crying "Peep, peep, peep!"

Then the jealous turkey was really sorry and disappointed, and he cried! After all, he had done no good—only harm. The chickens he wanted had died, and his own little turkeys ran away from him—their own papa! He felt very ill and very sad. So, as every one knew about his jealousy and his cruelty, he got melancholy; and one December day he strayed away, was caught and killed, and sent to the city, where he became trussed, and was eaten for a Christmas dinner!

So there was an end of the jealous Gobbler, and nobody in the farmyard was sorry for him—except his wife.

A LESSON IN SKATING.

BY PIPKIN.

"MADGE, Madge, look here! See what Uncle Frank has brought me!"

"You come and see what he's brought me," Madge replied; "such a lovely work-box, Eddie!"

"I don't care a bit about work-boxes; but look at my skates, they're splendid!" and Eddie Bertram tumbled in at the schoolroom window.

"My dolly, my dolly that Uncle Frank brought me!" little Rosie screamed in terror, for Eddie had almost sat down on the lovely flaxen-haired, blue-eyed young lady that lay, still wrapped in tissue paper, on the sofa. "Don't hurt my lovely dolly, Eddie!"

"Of course not; dollies can't feel," Eddie replied, pretending to sit down on the parcel, and then seizing little Rosie in his arms, and kissing away her tears. "Come, don't cry, there's a pet; I would not hurt Miss Dolly for the world. Be good now, and I'll take you to the pond and teach you how to skate. Put on your hat, Madge, and come along."

"I don't know whether I ought to go," Madge replied; "mamma said I was to practice for an hour!"

"It's too cold," Eddie replied, very decidedly; "let us go and have a good run to get warm first; it is splendid out of doors!"

"And mamma said yesterday that we were not to go near the pond," Madge continued, doubtfully; she was only too anxious to go with her brother, still she was a good child as a rule, and remembered to be obedient.

"Let us ask leave before we go, Eddie."

"Mamma is gone to the village with Uncle Frank, and will not be back for ever so long. She said we were not to go near the pond yesterday, because it was thawing, but it froze hard all night; why, it's freezing now as hard as it can. Do come, Madge; I so want to try my new skates; and you know the frost may go at any minute."

"You said you would teach me," little Rose said, slipping her hand into Eddie's.

"Yes, I will, and Madge too, if she comes quickly; and there's such a splendid slide in the kitchen-garden. If you won't come to the pond, let us go and have a game there to get warm. You're as cold as a cucumber, Madge, and here's poor little Rosie shivering. One, two, three and away!"

Eddie seized his skates and disappeared through the schoolroom window. Madge and Rosie followed him as soon as they got on their hats and warm coats, and in a few minutes all three were racing merrily across the lawn in the direction of the kitchen garden.

But when they reached it they found the beautiful slide all covered with fine red sand, and Johnson the gardener looking as if he were very proud of having spoiled it.

"Was it you made this here dang[illegible] slide right in the middle of the path, Mr. Edward?" he asked sternly. "But of course it was, no one else at the Hollies would try to break my poor old neck. I was proud of that slide, Miss Madge, when I was going to cut the cabbages from it, and shook it out quite early."

"A very fine day, Johnson," Edward replied, laughing. "It was very mean of you to be sure, to slide, because it was not a fair day. Just wait till Uncle Frank sees you," and Eddie ran away, laughing provokingly.

"There's nothing for it now but the pond, Madge; come along as quick as ever you can."

It was a long walk across the fields, and Rosie was beginning to feel tired before they reached a sheet of water just on the outskirts of the village.

It was in a hollow, with steep banks on every side, and though near the wood, it could not be seen by any one passing without going to the edge of the bank. Eddie had heard that people sometimes skated on the black pool, as some people sometimes called it, but he had never seen the place before, and he was a little disappointed to find it quite deserted.

The sky was very grey and cloudy, and a cold wind sighed and whistled amongst the pine-trees.

"Pretty," Rosie cried, advancing to the edge, while Eddie kneeled down to fasten his skate on. "Pretty ice, Madge; will it bear?" And she advanced one little foot very cautiously.

"Why, of course it will bear a little midget like you!" Eddie cried; "I must go on first and try it, then I'll come back for you, Rosie!"

"Don't go far, Eddie; take hold of my hand; I'm frightened!" Madge cried, trying to hold her brother; but he slipped out of her reach, and in another moment he was lying full length on the ice. Rosie laughing and clapping her hands, while Madge felt very much inclined to cry. But Eddie laughed too, and got up valiantly. "Every one tumbles a lot of times while he's learning," he said carelessly. "It's capital fun too! I say, Madge, you just come on and hold my hand till I balance myself."

"I'm afraid," Madge replied; "the ice looks so slippy; and listen, Eddie; it's cracking; oh! do please come off!"

Eddie was by that time half-a-dozen yards away, and was getting along bravely, when bang! down he came again.

Rosie laughed and clapped her hands, and even Madge joined in.

Eddie looked an absurd lying on the ice, with his skates in the air. The fall had hurt him a little, but he was not the boy to complain about a trifle, and he was soon up again, and getting along wonderfully.

"Me now, me now, Eddie; you said you would teach me to skate. Take me on the ice, please. I want to tumble down too," she cried, holding out her chubby hands; and Eddie, who was really a very good-natured boy, and always loved to give his little sister pleasure, came scrambling to the bank and took her hand. "Hold the other, Madge, and then we can't tumble down," he cried; but to tumble down was just what Rosie wanted—it seemed such fun from the bank—so she slipped her hand out of Madge's, and ran by herself across the ice. Of course she came down with a little scream of delight, and Eddie came down beside her. Then they scrambled up again, and taking Rosie by the arm, Eddie made a grand effort. Off he went over the ice, dragging his little sister with him. Then suddenly there was a loud crash, a splash, and a shrill scream; Eddie and Rosie were both in the pond, and the ice was cracking about them in every direction. Madge shrieked at the top of her voice, and in a moment a lady and gentleman were seen hurrying down the bank.

"It's mamma and Uncle Frank!" Madge cried. "Hold Rosie up, Eddie; they will be here directly."

"All right," Eddie said, holding his little sister as well as he could out of the water, which, though very cold, was fortunately not deep.

But Uncle Frank's long strong arms seized her, and in one moment Rosie was safe, and Madge and Eddie were shivering on the bank, Eddie looking very sorry and ashamed of himself.

"We must return to the village: it's nearer than home," Uncle Frank said. "I'm afraid my little pet has hurt herself. Ah! I thought so: a sprained ankle," as Rosie moaned with pain. "Now then, Eddie and Madge, run to your grandmother's, and tell her to give you each a warm bath and put you to bed, and to send at once for the doctor."

The next day Madge and Eddie did not seem much the worse for their ducking in the pond, but poor little Rosie had a bad cold and sore throat, and her ankle was very painful.

She had to lie all day on the couch by the fire, unable to run about or play, and to make amends for his carelessness, Eddie remained constantly beside her.

Though there was a splendid hard frost, he never once asked to go on the ice during the holidays, and Uncle Frank thinks he's not likely to forget his first attempt at skating. Eddie declares that he will teach himself in future before he attempts to teach others.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—In the home of one of our Jewish citizens was seen recently a tiny flame burning in a handsome goblet. Examination showed the goblet to be half filled with water, on the top of which floated about an inch of sweet oil. A tiny float of corks fastened on either side of a metallic ring rested upon the oil. On the ring was placed a wax taper hardly thicker than a thread passed through a small circle of thin wood, so that the lower end of the taper dipped through the ring into the sweet oil. The taper was lighted. The sweet oil drawn up through the wax covered wick served to keep the light for several hours.

"We burn this," said a rabbi, "in memory of one of our dead. When that taper burns nearly out we substitute another, so that the flame, like the vestal fire, is never allowed to go out. We light the taper when our relative dies and let it burn a year. The last taper we let go out of itself. It flickers, flames up, sinks again and then goes out, just as human life does in its last hours. We tend this light with great care and thus keep alive the memory of our loved one. It is an old custom which is now becoming less observed. Many now only burn the taper for a month and some but for a week."

HOW A WOMAN TRIES ON SHOES.—When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and all out of breath, and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on the part way carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look and sees if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stoops suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists round and surveys them sideways, exclaims, "Mercy, how loose they are," looks at them again square in front, works her feet around so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the bottom, and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so she can see how they look, and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet look awful big and never will do in the world, puts them on and off three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it, and then pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again, and finally says she will take them. It's very simple.

THE NERVOUS ORIGIN OF COLDS.—Whenever, owing to any derangement of the nervous system, the perfect maintenance of animal heat fails to be carried out, disorder ensues, the mildest form of which is a catarrh, namely the blocking up of the skin or outer surface of the body, with the consequent transference of the excretion to the mucous or inner surface.

The deleterious matter, which ought to have been removed by the skin, irritates the blood by its retention there, and ultimately expends itself by the nose and throat. For example, if the nervous system be feeble, sweating would probably be induced, and a consequent loss of heat, irrespective of the needs of the body; in which case a cold would most probably follow.

As a fact, there are many persons with feeble nerves who readily perspire in the coldest weather, and are, in consequence, liable to frequently recurring colds.

The nervous origin of colds also furnish us with a clue to its treatment in the early stages. The whole history of a cold shows it to be essentially and primarily a state of collapse, demanding early recourse to a stimulating plan of treatment.

There is no more dejected mortal than a patient in the first stage of a cold, and both bodily physical and mental condition point to nervous collapse. Hence, we believe, the great success of camphor and ammonia inhalations in the early stage. It has also been repeatedly found that two or three glasses of wine have cut a cold short, when taken at the first appearance of the symptoms.

INDIAN WRITING.—The original numerals like I, II, III, IIII, V and X scarcely rise above the records of the noble red men of the west and northern prairies, who now, when they wish to state a number or event in writing, all select a picture of the persons or objects involved in the transaction. Thus the well-known chronicle of the encampment of Wingenund, chief of the Lenni Lenape Indians, who attacked the English settlements in this country in 1763, proceeds entirely on such a direct pictorial basis. The chronicle was cut into the bark of a tree in three rows of a century since, and it proceeds after the following straightforward manner:

Twenty-three bravs went on a war-path; there we they are represented by twenty-three straight lines, bent slightly forward, to indicate progression. Ten days they marched through the forest so the sun is displayed (with the very same broad good-humored face he still wears in caricature) as having surmounted ten lines, each of which marks the horizon.

They attacked three forts—shown by three square bastions; and one of them contained a couple of trading-stores—exhibited as small oblongs within the fortifications. Ten vanquished enemies, each very much like an X with or without a head to it, stand on one side. Six of them, however, are headless, and represent the scalped. Four have small round knobs on top, and were therefore, doubtless, taken prisoners.

PATERFAMILIAS says they exchange presents in his home, and it is in this way: He gives his wife a pair of diamond earrings, and she presents him a pair of hand-painted suspenders. His gifts to his daughter is a gold watch, and her gift to him is a pair of embroidered slippers. He leaves a check for $100 on his son's plate, and under his own he finds a collar button.

THE cruelest deception of the holiday season was originated in 1887. A paper sack was filled with shavings and a pair of turkey's legs were then tied in the mouth of the sack and the seductive fraud sent to the victim.

NONE WILL MISS THEE.

BY R. CHAMBERS.

Few will miss thee, Friend, when thou
For a month in dust hast lain.
Skilful hand, and anxious brow,
Tongue of wisdom, busy brain—
All thou wert shall be forgot,
And thy place shall know thee not.

Shadows from the heading trees
O'er thy lowly head may pass,
Sighs from every wandering breeze
Stir the long, thick, churchyard grass—
Will thou heed them? No; thy sleep
Shall be dreamless, calm and deep.

Some sweet bird may sit and sing
On the marble of thy tomb,
Soon to flit on joyous wing
From that place of death and gloom,
On some bough to warble clear;
But these songs thou shalt not hear.

Some kind voice may sing thy praise,
Passing near thy place of rest,
Fondly talk of "other days"—
But no throb within thy breast
Shall respond to words of praise,
Or old thoughts of "other days."

Since so fleeting is thy name,
Talent, beauty, power and wit,
It were well that without shame
Thou in God's great book wert writ,
There in golden words to be
Graven for eternity.

THE CELESTIAL FAITH.

One of the religions of China is the worship of Fo or Buddha, of whom it is believed that immediately after his birth, he stood up and said: "No one except myself, either in heaven or upon earth, ought to be worshipped."

At the age of seventeen, Fo married three wives; at nineteen he retired to study under four sages; at thirty, he became a deity, and thenceforward began to practice miracles; at seventy-nine, he passed into an immortal state, leaving behind him eighty thousand disciples. These disciples published five thousand volumes in his honor, and related that Fo had been born eight thousand times, his soul passing successively through different animals.

The five commandments left by Fo were: I. Not to kill any living creature; II. Not to steal; III. Not to commit any impurity; IV. Not to tell a lie; V. Not to drink wine.

Another religion is that of Tao, which, as well as that of Fo, has its orders of monks and established monasteries. The monks or priests of Tao are a sort of Epicureans, who teach that happiness consists in a calm, which suspends all the operations of the soul. They live in communities, do not marry, use chaplets, are clothed in yellow, and always officiate at funerals and sacrifices.

They believe in a plurality of gods; and are much given to occult science, practicing alchemy and pretending to magic arts, which afford them familiar intercourse with spirits. The importance of this power is well realized in China, where it is supposed that every part of the universe is under the influence of good and bad spirits, who have their respective districts.

The good spirits are a kind of tutelar genii, to whom sacrifices are offered in the temples, as well as to the spirits of the rivers, the mountains, the four parts of the world, and so forth.

The Heavens and the Earth, however, are regarded as rather intelligent beings, or divinities, and in Pekin two of the most magnificent buildings are the "Temple of Heaven" and the "Temple of Earth." In each of these temples, the emperor officiates in person once every year, going in great state, attended by all the nobles and a vast crowd of choristers and attendants.

In the grounds of the Temple of Earth, he goes through the ceremony of ploughing several furrows, afterwards sowing the seeds with his own hands. This may be taken as not only a tribute to the deity, but also as a practical example and encouragement to the people to practice agriculture.

In Canton there is a temple dedicated to the Five Rams, on which the five genii, who preside over the five elements of Fire, Earth, Metal, Water, and Wood, descended from heaven to Canton, bearing ears of corn and other blessings. These rams are said to have become petrified into five great stones, which now ornament the temple. Here, also, is shown a colossal footprint of Buddha in the rock.

In another temple in this city is a shrine to the god Lin Fuung, whose function is to aid in restoring runaway slaves to their masters. Beside his image is that of an attendant on horseback, waiting to do the biddling of a god; and on the horse's neck the suppliants tie cords as a hint that they desire their slaves to be found and restored to them.

A method of ascertaining the will of the gods is divination by the Ka-pue, a piece of wood shaped like an acorn, in two halves, one side convex, the other flat, which is described as follows:

"The person who wishes to consult the oracle, kneels reverently before the image of the god or goddess whose counsel he craves, and, having explained the subject on which he wants advice, he takes the Ka-pue off the altar, passes it through the smoke of the incense, and then throws it upward before the idol."

According to the manner the two halves fall he reads his answer. Thus, if both fall flat, he knows that his prayer is refused; if both fall on the rounded side, then the god has really no opinion in the matter; if one falls flat and the other round, his prayer will be granted.

A little skill and preliminary practice would, one might think, be sufficient to procure a favorable augury whenever required.

There is another method of divination by means of strips of split bamboo, each numbered. These are placed in a stand and gently shaken until one falls out. The number on this is compared by the priest with a corresponding number in a book, from which he reads the oracular reply.

This is strikingly like a practice related by Tacitus of the Germans. He says:

"They cut a rod off some fruit tree into bits, and, after having distinguished them by various marks, they cast them into a white cloth. Then the priest thrice draws each piece and explains the oracle according to the marks."

There is in both superstitions also a suggestion of the divining-rod, or magic wand, not unknown in other and more civilized countries.

Few people realize the wide different effects produced by bringing into prominence the good or bad points of a man's character. To do the former stimulates his powers, encourages him to make fresh efforts, inspires him with hope, and paves the way for the correction of faults. To do the latter depresses the nature, produces gloom, despondency, and fear, and actually weakens the very powers which are needed to do battle with the wrong. Just as the wise physician, by building up the general system and establishing the healthful discharge of functions, does far more to eradicate disease than he could by any direct efforts upon the disease itself, so the cheerful encouragement of all that is good in the character of a man will be more effectual in restraining faults than direct attack on the faults and errors themselves.

Grains of Gold.

Be not righteous overmuch.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

It is well to think well. It is divine to act well.

Time is the old justice that examines all offenders.

No one is fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

What a man knows should find its expression in what he does.

Our true acquisitions lie only in our charities. We gain only as we give.

Remember that in all miseries, lamenting becomes fools, and action, wise folk.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

Do not give to thy friends the most agreeable counsels, but the most advantageous.

Man believes himself always greater than he is, and is esteemed less than he is worth.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself.

Affliction is a school of virtue; it corrects levity, and interrupts the confidence of sinning.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is, never to allow your energies to stagnate.

Time is the greatest of all tyrants. As we go on towards age, he taxes our health, limbs, faculties, strength and features.

There is scarcely any man, how much soever he may despise the character of flatterer, but will condescend, in the meanest manner, to flatter himself.

Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth, they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny, amid the melancholy waste of ocean.

Femininities.

Mahogany is the popular wood for this season.

Fourteenth century chairs are returning to favor.

In the arrangement of living rooms remember that sunlight and fresh air saves doctor's bills.

The hen, stupid as she is, has one redeeming virtue. She never forgets where she laid a thing.

White waistcoats braided with gold are worn with dark dresses.

Table beds are new. They are converted from the one to the other readily, and may be used as either.

Mrs. Langtry declares that she is passionately fond of farming. So are most people who don't have it to do.

An Oswego woman horsewhipped a young man for kissing her daughter. Beats all how jealous women are.

Princess Bismarck in speaking of her illustrious husband never refers to him otherwise than as "Bismarck."

The unselfish sex. He, ardently: "I'd give a thousand millions to win your love, Adelaide." She: "Cash?"

Eighty years ago society in Turkey forbade women to learn to read. The Sultan has now started schools for women.

Miss Jane Burrell died recently at Seymour, Ind., aged 110 years. She claimed to be the eldest maiden lady in the country.

Chicago boot and shoe dealers claim that they sell more small sizes to women than ever. It is a rare thing to sell a larger size than 8.

When a woman is first married she desires to be called "Madam." Some years later she feels tremendously complimented by being called "Miss."

He: "Did you enjoy the sermon?" She: "Of course I did. I had on a new hat and dress, and the sexton seated me in front of that dreadful Miss Briggs."

A person of our acquaintance asked another how old he thought Mrs. Rogers was. "I do not know her age exactly," he replied; "she varies from 17 to 35."

Konigsberger Krauts, a recently acquired citizen of this country, has a little daughter, 10 years of age, who recently played the hose on the piano, entirely without notes.

Little girl, to papa: "A gentleman gave up his seat to mamma in a street car to-day." Papa: "And did mamma thank him for it?" Little girl: "No; I guess she was too tired."

The marriageable young ladies of Abilene, Kansas, have effected an organization and have resolved that they will not marry any one who is not a patron of home newspapers.

"And how do you like your new cook, Mrs. Melton?" "Oh, ever so much! She's so economical, you know. What she cooks is not very palatable, but, then, it lasts so long."

Panes of glass on which pressed grasses and flowers are mounted, with here and there butterflies' wings attached to a painted body, are trifles that were much used as holiday tokens in Paris this year.

A starch superior to gloss starch, for calico and cambric, can be made of flour, by wetting the flour with very warm water a day before you need the starch; add boiling water, and cook when you want to use it.

The young ladies of Hastings, Neb., met in council one day recently and passed resolutions declining to attend balls with the young men unless the latter should consent to recognise them when there is an opera.

Laura: "So you are really engaged to him, dear? He is 40, you say, and you are 20—just twice as old as you are, love. Dear me, when you are 40 he will be 80!" Clara: "Good gracious! I hadn't thought of that."

An old woman was missed for some days at Belleville. On forcing an entrance to her room, her dog was found decapitated by a sabre and herself a corpse. She hanged herself, and "killed the dog to accompany her to Paradise"—a pet to the last.

A Jersey City woman recently brought home a strange egg as a souvenir of a trip and placed it on the parlor table. One week after she was surprised to see a little turtle break the shell of the egg and slowly crawl out. The heat of the room had hatched it.

The Society of Lady Dressmakers of London, which attempts to train educated girls in the art of making dresses, has led to the inception of another kindred association, known as the "Scientific Dress Cutting Association," which is attracting much attention.

A Galena grocer named Scott offered to let a woman named Taylor strike him with a codfish for 25 cents. It was all a joke, you know, but she paid the money, gave the codfish a whirl or two, and when it hit Grocer Scott it broke his jaw and tore off part of his ear.

Fashionable daughter to plain mother: "Oh, mamma, my dance has caused me much pain to-day." Plain mother: "Well, why don't you take something for it? I'll make you a mustard plaster. It won't never do to be gettin' sick right as the society season opens."

A bright little 4-year-old miss recently went to church with a neighbor's wife, and on returning was asked by her mother: "Well, Maud, what did they do in church?" Maud answered: "Well, mamma, one man rung the bell, one played the organ, and another man did the hollering."

The latest is a picture of two pretty women meeting on a promenade, one attended by a natty Scotch terrier and the other by an ugly-looking dachshund, whose neck is muffled. "Why, has your Dachs got a sore throat, Lizzie?" asks the former. "No; but he thinks he has!" replies his hard-hearted mistress.

Masculinities.

He that labors is tempted by one devil; he that is idle, by a thousand.

A brick or stone wall should be carefully cemented on the outside below the ground.

It is absurd to say that hair dye does not deceive anybody. It deceives the man who uses it.

The laughter of girls, says De Quincey, is and ever was among the most delightful sounds of earth.

Nothing will make us so charitable and tender with regard to the faults of others as thoroughly knowing our own.

Always turn a deaf ear to any slanderous report, and to lay no charge brought against any person until well founded.

The first profile taken was that of Antigonus, in 200 B. C., who, having but one eye, his likeness was so taken to conceal the deformity.

The man who practices daily with the Indian clubs is the same man who complacently allows his wife to practice splitting kindling daily.

The Prince of Wales admits that he is trying to bring his boys up "in the way he should have gone." This is what too many fathers are trying to do.

Be simple and modest in your deportment, and treat with indifference whatever lies between virtue and vice. Love the human race; obey God.

A dream of fair women is most pleasing if the dream be not of women who made you buy things you did not want at the fair and gave no change back.

It would be an unspeakable advantage, both to the public and private, if men would consider the great truth, that no man is wise or safe but he that is honest.

A remedy for catarrh is to gather hops when perfectly dry, and sift the pollen—or "flour"—through Swiss muslin. Use as a snuff early in the morning, or on retiring at night.

For bunions, get five cents' worth of salt-petre, and put it into a bottle with sufficient olive oil to nearly dissolve it; shake up well, and rub the inflamed joints night and morning, and more frequently if painful.

Speed skating, instead of fancy skating, is the rage on ice this winter. The graceful, swaying, whirling zephyr must give way to the steel-shod tornado for the season; and broken records and broken heads will be all the go.

Fifteen couples got married in Paris, Ky., the other night, and it was said to be the poorest night they had had for many moons. When Kentuckians are not lying in ambush for each other to settle old feuds they are getting married.

A note picked up in a rural postoffice in Tennessee read: "Dear ——: The reason I didn't laff when you laft at me in the postoffis yesterday was because I had a bile on my face and can't laff. But I love you, bile or no bile, laff or no laff."

Pope Leo is very fond of domestic animals and birds of all kinds, and has many of them in his gardens. A large aviary, which stands near his favorite window, is the home of some beautiful white doves, and in his library there is a cage of canaries.

"Bobby," whispered young Featherly, "what did your sister Clara say when the servant presented my card last evening?" Bobby considered for a moment in order to get the exact words. Finally he got the matter straight. "She said, 'Oh, well, show it in.'"

If a gentleman holds his lighted cigar behind him while in conversation and a newsboy steps up and puts his mouth on the end of the cigar and commences smoking it, and the gentleman lets go in surprise, leaving the cigar in the boy's mouth, has the boy stolen the cigar?

John Sellers, an eccentric old farmer, who died near New Philadelphia, O., last week, for years refused to have his hair cut, and his whiskers had attained a length of nearly two feet. He contended that it was interfering with the provisions of nature for a man to cut or even trim his hair.

The big, sprawling chirography of the girl of the period has had its natural result in big, sprawling paper. The latest in fashionable stationery is a sheet some three or four inches wide and from twelve to eighteen inches in length, according to the taste of the writer in loops and curves.

A young man entering a hotel at Franklin, Pa., recently, was taken for the governor, and that evening the band serenaded him. He was saluted as Governor Beaver, to his surprise, but he did not give himself away. Stepping out upon the balcony, he placed his hand upon his breast and made a dignified bow.

"You don't say that Tom Russell is going to marry Mollie Penderby?" "Yes, that's what they say." "Why, she's a perfect noodle; she hasn't a mind of her own!" "That's just the reason he's going to marry her. He loves a quiet life, and, as she hasn't a mind of her own, she can't be always giving him a piece of it."

Perhaps the statement has a little of the rhetorical about it, but we are inclined to think that anybody who knows anything about the subject will concur for substance of doctrine with the remark of a Sunday-school expert: "The person who can hold the attention of a Sunday-school class of six average boys, 12 years of age, can do almost anything."

"When a woman will she will," etc. A Wilton woman tried hard to get a pension but failed, because her marriage took place subsequent to her husband's discharge from the army. Nothing daunted, she began to look around, and found that her first husband had served in the Mexican war. Her case was presented, and a few days ago she received a pension of $6 a month.

An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry without going any further.

Recent Book Issues.

"Morals vs. Art" is a defense of his methods by Anthony Comstock, agent for Suppressing of Vice in New York. It is a good book issued for a good purpose. Ogilvie & Co., publishers, New York. Price 10 cents.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, have just published a new novel entitled "Snatched From The Poor House, a Young Girl's Life History," by N. J. Clodfelter, author of "Early Vanities." Paper cover. Price 50 cents.

"Painting in Oil," a manual for students, by Miss M. Louise McLaughlin. Square 12mo. Fancy cloth, price $1. This work is the fourth in the series of art manuals which they have published from the pen of this well known writer. The present publication can not fail to enhance her reputation. Her success comes from the fact that she does not attempt to write upon any subject until she is thoroughly qualified to speak. Every thing is written with a purpose. We can confidently commend it to those interested in the subject. Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, publishers.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Interstate Monthlies adapted to all the grades of common schools from grammar down, are about as good a means of teaching reading, spelling and writing to classes of scholars that we have ever seen. Published at No. 30 Franklin street, Boston.

The Century for January is notable for the great variety in the table of contents. Of first importance are: the authoritative account of the formation of Lincoln's Cabinet, illustrated with life-like portraits and other engravings; and Mr. Keenan's startling record of personal investigations of "Russian Provincial Prisons;" the biographical sketch of "John Gilbert," with several portraits in character; a profusely illustrated article about "The Catacombs of Rome;" a graphic account of "An Elk-Hunt on the Plains" is furnished by Schwatka, with spirited illustrations, and "The Upper Missouri and the Great Falls," profusely illustrated. The number is notable in fiction, contributed by Caleb, Eggleston, Stockton, and by the author of "Sister Todhunter's Heart." There are four pages of war aftermath; a characteristic paper by Mark Twain, and other short articles, with unusually interesting departments and poetry. The Century Company, New York.

The Quiver for February opens with a stirring story in three parts, called "A Strange Coincidence," and this is followed by an interesting paper on "Bible Trades." "Christian Police" is the subject of the next article. Following the serial "Not All in Vain," comes a "Hymn for the New Year." "The Presence of God in Holy Places" is the report of a sermon preached by the Lord Bishop of Gibraltar. Other papers designed more especially for Sunday reading are on "Gentleness and Greatness," the "Householder's Psalm," and "How God Preserved the Bible." There is a very interesting sketch of Rev. Gordon Calthook, one of London's most popular preachers, and a paper on Adoniram Judson, the first of a series by Prof. W. G. Blaikie. The illustrations are many, and the department of "Short Arrows" is fuller than usual. $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The Wide Awake for January has one article that is richly worth the price of the number—"The Foster Children of Washington (Children of the White House)," by Harriet Taylor Upton. It is accompanied with sixteen illustrations from paintings, photographs and drawings. The second paper about "Warwick Brookes and his Pencil Pictures," by Letherbrow, gives thirteen beautiful illustrations from Brookes' pictures, also a fac simile of an autograph letter of Gladstone. "My Friends,' the Dogs," by Maud Howe, with seven illustrations, will greatly interest the young people. The frontispiece in the number is an exquisite picture of "Miss Maud Howe and her dog 'Sambo,'" from the painting by B. C. Porter, now in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington. Many of the young people's favorite writers are represented in this number, which is interesting and attractive from beginning to end. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

HOME.—Home is what we make it. It may be a sacred refuge, or it may be a mere place of call for breakfast and dinner and a shelter for the sleeping hours when there is nothing abroad to keep men awake. It may be destitute of attractions—a tolerated spot, instead of a coveted heaven. If this be the case, the fault is with those who by their own conduct make it uninviting. Home may be a mere prison, well furnished or otherwise, for the women of the household, while the men look abroad for their interests and diversions. If the women do break bounds sometimes and find their amusements abroad, what truant husband has a right to blame a truant wife? And, when husbands and wives are runagates, who need be surprised that the children prefer "all outdoors" to all that they can find indoors?

M. S.

Calamities that happen to us are trials; those that happen to others are judgments. Show good judgment and avoid calamities by giving Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla a trial. It purifies the blood, regulates the regulator, and insures good health. Largest bottle in market. 120 doses for $1. Druggists.

DANDIES AND DANDYISM.

THE earliest English dandies were, it appears, known as "Fopdoddles". Butler mentions them in his "Hudibras." "You have been roaming," he says,

> "Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle
> And handled you like a fopdoddle."

Coming to the time of the English Revolution, we find that the designation by which dandies were known had changed several times.

"It was a favorite amusement of dissolute young men," says Macaulay, "to swagger by night about town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men and offering rude caresses to pretty women. Several dynasties of these tyrants had, since the Restoration, domineered over the streets."

A little later on the Fop appeared. Swift characteristically refers to the partiality of women for the society of fops.

In the time of Dr. Johnson, the Sparks were in great force, while the Beau also flourished in the last century. He seems to have been something like "Lord Foppington" in Sheridan's "A Trip to Scarborough"—very choice in the matter of oaths, especially dainty in shoe buckles—which were as large as the shoe could possibly support—ablaze with jewelry, and extremely fond of powder and patches; altogether one of the most ridiculous caricatures of a man one can easily conceive.

Next we come to the Macaronies, who were so called because they introduced Italian macaroni. The transference of the word from fools and clowns to men of fantastic refinement and exaggerated elegance is, as has been well observed, a singular circumstance. The human Macaronies were, it seems, the most exquisite dandies that ever disgraced the name of man, yet we are indebted to them for the introduction of the well-known dish so named.

Dandyism brings to mind the Dandies, who were probably in their prime in the "palmy days" of the Regency. "I like the dandies," says Lord Byron—"they were always very civil to me; though in general they disliked literary people." The dandies, however, received a severe handling from Carlyle some years later.

"Touching dandies," says he, "let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a dandy specially is. A dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse, and person is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of clothes has sprung up in the intellect of the dandy without effort, like an instinct of genius: he is inspired with cloth, a poet of cloth. A divine idea of cloth is born with him."

After the dandies came the Exquisites and the Loungers, who did everything in a style of their own and whose motto was, "Look and die." These fools fancied themselves great lady-killers.

The Exquisites and the Loungers were succeeded by the Corinthians, who were dandies of a more adventurous and rough-and-ready kind. The word is derived from Corinth, whose immorality was proverbial both in Greece and Rome. A Corinthian, was the "last man" of Shakspeare's period also.

"Snobs" was the designation by which the dandies of the next generation were known. Thackeray has made us familiar with the word.

Two or three years ago a literary authority says: "Those who are curious in the matter of 'neology' should note that in this number the word 'masher' has finally usurped the place of 'swell', just as 'swell' superseded 'dandy', which itself was the successor of 'buck', 'blood', 'Corinthian', 'exquisite', 'macaroni', 'beau', and numerous other kindred designations."

Partly in consequence of this and similar paragraphs in other periodicals, the origin of the word "masher"—the term by which another generation of dandies were known—was attributed to "Punch". But the word, which first originated in this country, is of Gaelic origin, and was introduced by the Irish immigration. It is derived from the Gaelic *maise*—pronounced "masher"—and signifies fine, handsome, elegant, and was originally applied in derision to a dandy.

Dude and Chappy seem to be the latest synonyms for the dandy.

"HUNTING snow birds on the streets," says a Chicago paper, "is a more profitable business than hunting ducks in the Indiana marshes. But few persons are familiar with this fact, but it is true, nevertheless. The palate of the epicure must be tickled in some day; ducks and reed birds are too common, but the snow birds, it would appear, fill the long felt want. There are millions of them on the South Side, and they are being shot and trapped at every opportunity. The small boy does considerable towards supplying the wants of restaurant proprietors, but the business has so suddenly developed that grown men have turned snow bird hunters, and, with reasonable good luck, can make from $1.50 to $2.50 per day. The birds are wholesaled at 50 cents per dozen, and four of them go to make a meal, which costs the purchaser 50 cents. So it is apparent that there is money in it for all the interested parties."

Unprecedented success and still increasing sales attend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cts.

Salvation Oil is the best thing in the market for both man and beast. Price 25 cents

THE WATER SPIDER.—The water spider is one of the most interesting of the Arachnida. About the size of an ordinary house spider when full grown, though of a much more slight and elegant shape, it leads an active and wonderful existence; for, although really a terrible creature, requiring to breathe atmospheric air, yet it passes its life in the water quite submerged below the surface, except when ascending to breathe.

Like the pirate spider, it has its whole body covered with hairs, which serve to entangle a large amount of air; but it far surpasses the pirate in other ways, as it has the power of diving below the surface, carrying with it a large bubble of air, which is held in its place by the hind-legs; and, in spite of this obstacle, it passes through the water with great speed.

The question, then, comes to be, how does the spider secure enough air to live comfortably below the water? At some little depth, the female spins a kind of dome shaped cell, of the most delicate silken fibre, attaching it to a stem of some water-plant. The opening of this cell she leaves on the under side; and, after it is completed, she ascends to the surface, and there charges her whole coat with air, arranging the hind-legs in such a manner that her large bubble of air cannot escape. She then dives into the water, proceeds to her home, and discharges the bubble of air into it.

A quantity of water is thus displaced, and the top of the dome filled with air instead; and this she repeats till the cell is completely filled; and in this beautiful and delicate mansion the spider lives, surrounded with the atmosphere she requires, and carrying on all her domestic duties diligently, for in this dome she spins a silken cocoon in which to lay her hundred eggs, so that the young spiders never know that they are near the water, or in a floating habitation, till they emerge from the nest. When hatched, they are pure white, and they begin at once to live and build as their mother does.

SELFISHNESS.—Selfishness, self-pleasing and self-seeking is the common cause of provocation. If we had no self in us we would not be provoked—no, not once in a thousand times, as we now are. How seldom does provocation really arise out of a disinterested care for the good of others! How seldom are we, like our Lord, simply grieved because of the hardness of another's heart; simply concerned to think of the dishonor done to God, and the risk brought upon a brother's soul by unbelief, ungodliness, and sin! Or, even if there be something of this motive for anger, yet how mixed is it with lower regards, with vexation, perhaps, because we can make no impression; with irritation at the perverseness which will not see aright; or with weariness in the disappointment of efforts to correct and to improve! And how true is it, that when once charity is provoked, it ceases to be of any avail; ceases to influence, because it ceases indeed to be charity!

LILI asks her mother: "What do you like best, good dreams or bad ones?" "Good dreams." "And you?" "Oh, I like bad dreams best." "Why?" "Because when I have good dreams I find when I wake up that they are not true, and that annoys me; whilst when I have bad ones I am happy when I wake, because they are not true."

WANAMAKER'S.

January 16, 1888.

We do not start out to undersell everybody, but we mean to give larger advantages to our customers this year than ever before.

The people everywhere have found out long since that this store is never undersold.

Always bring back the goods that do not seem cheap enough or are not as good as you thought.

This is the kind of carefulness we like.

If our new stock of goods are as cheap as many old lots that we might offer, you will probably prefer them.

The new things are coming in every day.

The old things and the new are being carried away every day by throngs of delighted customers.

It is as if we were again in the rush and bustle of Holiday time.

SILKS.

We are getting earlier deliveries of spring orders than heretofore. Those we name to-day are simply typical lots. The prices are under value.

BLACK SILKS.

Black Cashmere Gros-grains, 24 inches wide, at $1. We never knew them to be sold under $1.25.

COLORED SILKS.

18 in. Gros-grain, all shades, 50c., usual price 75c.
19-in. Gros-grain, all shades, 75c., usual price $1.
19-in. Gros-grain, all shades, extra quality, $1, usual price $1.25.

CLOAKS, WRAPS AND DRESSES.

About 200 of these garments.

Women's Silk Seal Wraps in perfect condition, lined throughout with first quality satin; silk seal pendants and double ball fringe. Actual value, $35; our price, $9.75.

Lister's Silk Seal Wraps, quilted satin linings, silk seal fringe or pendant trimming.

$22, reduced to $15
$25, reduced to $20
$30, reduced to $22
$40, reduced to $30
$50, reduced to $35

Newmarkets and Raglans at fragment prices.

Jerseys for half and less—one lot Black Span Silk Jerseys down from $5 to $1.

And so on. Just as unexpected prices on Children's Coats, Wraps and Dresses.

HAMBURGS.

Fresh goods, desirable in every way, and at a fragment of the common prices. ⅜ inch to 6 inches wide: 10, 12, 15 and 20c.

On heavy cambric, and just the sorts you'll want to start the spring family sewing with.

Cambric All-overs, 20 inches wide. By any standard they are worth double our price. We have marked them 50c.

You can order by mail anything in the Store.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Philadelphia.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, Radway's Ready Relief will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

Rheumatism,	**Neuralgia,**
Coughs,	**Colds,**
Cold in the Head,	**Sore Throat,**
Asthma,	**Bronchitis,**
Pneumonia,	**Sciatica,**
Headache,	**Inflammations.**
Toothache,	**Congestion.**

Strong Testimony from Honorable George Starr as to the Power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatic Rheumatism.

NO. 3 VAN NESS PLACE, New York.
DR. RADWAY: With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and, at times, in both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulations, outward applications of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September, at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limb in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away, although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather. I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise. Yours truly,

GEO. STARR.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only PAIN REMEDY

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DICESTION

Will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning about ten o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

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Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

☞Information worth thousands will be sent you

Humorous.

OF A LATTER DAY.

There was a multitude of words
  I could not think of. Why, it seemed
Her voice was like the voice of birds,
  And when she spoke to me I dreamed
Of music, that comes from above,
And falls on any man—in love.

I tried to frame a compliment,
  But staggered through an ancient saw,
And quite before I could repent
  Her voice arrested me with awe:
She said, "No way can one advance
To pardon such extravagance!"

I took her dainty hand, and oh,
  It trembled! I could understand—
I clasped it tenderly, as though
  It were the lily of the land,
And as I pressed it to my lips
Mad kisses steeped her finger-tips!

Then came the thought of days gone by,
  I hoped for millions yet to be,
For I was wild—I heard her sigh,
  When picturing out futurity—
She faintly murmured, "Love, be true,"
And added, "Amethyst will do!"

—A. BOTSFORD.

A dark secret—Where the matches are kept.

For obvious reasons a bookseller should not be much of a bookkeeper.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it a "lie," and half of it an "if."

"I will not leave my post," remarked the hitched horse, when he found he couldn't break the halter.

"Y R U so C D in your dress?" asked the school teacher of the tramp. "X Qse me, mum," replied he; "I drank 2 X S."

A correspondent asks about the burial place of Ham. There is a town in Massachusetts called Sandwich. Perhaps that is the place.

"So you go to school, do you, Bobby?" "Yes, sir." "Let me hear you spell kitten." "I'm getting too big a boy to spell kitten. Try me on cat."

Magistrate to Chinaman: "What is your complaint against this young man, John?" Chinaman, unable to collect laundry bill: "He too muchee by-and-by."

Newsdealer: "I haven't the change; you can pay me to-morrow." Gentleman: "But suppose I should be killed to-day?" Newsdealer: "Oh, it wouldn't be a very great loss."

Some one asks: "Does it pay to be good?" Perhaps our evidence in the matter will not be taken, and so we shall not answer the question directly, but we will say that it is good to be paid.

Colored sportsman: "Dis looks powerful like de Widder Snow's old shanghai, but I's got too much confidence in dat ar dog to b'leve he'd play anything 'ceptin' it was some kinder partridge."

"Do you have many letters nowadays from that fair unknown of yours out West?" "No; you see, she asked me for my photograph. I sent it. I've never received another letter from her since."

Woman, sharply, to tramp: "You don't seem to like that soup. Ain't it good?" Tramp: "Yes, it's good flavored, mum, but there ain't quite body enough to it. Couldn't you wash a couple more dishes in it?"

Plumber, to applicant for work: "Where were you employed last?" Applicant: "I was making out bills for an iceman all summer, and—" Plumber: "That's enough! You may consider yourself engaged for the winter."

Judge: "How comes it that you dared to break into this gentleman's house in the dead of night?" Prisoner: "Why, your honor, the other time you reprimanded me for stealing in broad daylight. Am I not to be allowed to work at all?"

He, just introduced: "What a very homely man that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Hobson." She: "Isn't he! That is Mr. Hobson." He, equal to the occasion: "Oh, indeed! How true it is, Mrs. Hobson, that the homely men always get the prettiest wives!"

Charlie (shaking his fist in baby's face): "I could just mash you." Mamma: "Why, Charlie, I'm surprised to hear you talk this way to little sister when you have been left with her." Charlie: "Why, mamma, I'm talking to that fly that keeps lighting on her nose."

A young girl who isn't hugged tightly on a toboggan slide is in great danger of a fatal accident. A Michigan man says that a young fellow who will take a girl out to tobog and let her get her neck broken for want of hugging should be fried in cotton-seed oil and given to the dogs.

If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other that they wouldn't move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you want to get along fast. But it is the best to be a little ahead of either of them.

Recently, in a Washington horse car, a colored dude was seated among the passengers. A young woman of his own color entered, and he immediately rose and offered her his seat. She gracefully demurred and said: "I do not like to deprive you, sir, of your seat." "Oh, no depravity, miss," was his reply; "no depravity at all; I prefer to stand."

A Texas gentleman traveling in a Pullman palace car in the East happened to say that he was from the Lone Star State. "Do you live in the western portion of the State?" asked a man opposite. "I do." "In Tom Green County?" "That's my county." "Live near Carson?" "That's my town." "Perhaps you know my brother, William Henry Jones?" "Know him? Gimme your hand, stranger. I helped to hang William Henry the night before I left. He was a horse thief, but a good one. Shake."

SPUR-MONEY.—For several centuries past, and until comparatively recent times, persons wearing spurs in any sacred edifice in England were accosted either by choristers or beadles, who demanded a fee, by way of fine, for thus entering a cathedral, or church, and thereby interrupting the service.

Two or three centuries ago, when spurs were commonly worn, the amount received for "spur-money" was considerable, and singing boys and beadles were ever on the alert for the ringing of the spurred boot, often to the neglect of their more legitimate duties. Sometimes the choristers lost their perquisite because of their inability to repeat the gamut on the demand of spur-wearing persons.

Spur-money was exacted in Westminister Abbey from the Bishop of Rochester, who handed over the fine. The penalty was also imposed, about the same time, on the Duke of Cumberland (afterwards king of Hanover) for entering the choir of the same abbey in his spurs; but the Royal Highness, who was installed there, excused himself with great readiness, pleading his right to wear his spurs in that church, inasmuch as it was the place where they were first put on him.

Spur-money has often been demanded at Southwell Minster, though not recently, the last case occurring just over thirty years ago. A visitor attended service with spurs on, but was surrounded immediately after by several of the choristers.

He refused to give anything, so was consequently locked in. He tempted the juveniles with sixpence, which he slipped under the door.

This not being considered sufficient, he put a shilling under as well, when, after a good deal of debating amongst the "songsters," the offender was released. The custom is said to have been instituted by Henry VIII.

TO GRATIFY CURIOSITY.—The bastinado is used in Morocco for slight provocation. Not long ago, the keeper of the prison was asked by a traveller—whom for some reason he was anxious to please—what this punishment of the bastinado was like. The answer was that he should see for himself. In a few minutes, a man was brought in, fastened to the floor face downwards, and terribly beaten upon the upturned soles of his bare feet. The screams and entreaties of the poor wretch were so heartrending that the traveller interfered and begged for mercy, when the punishment was immediately stopped.

"What has this man done?" said he to the officer.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Then, what are you whipping him for?" was the amazed question, which was answered in a tone of equal astonishment:—

"Why, didn't you ask to see a man bastinadoed?"

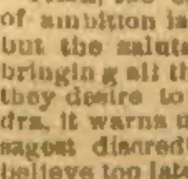
They had gone into the street, seized a passer-by, and severely whipped an inoffensive man merely to gratify the curiosity of an amiable foreigner.

TIME, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.

YOUNG husband (who thinks of reforming)—"Jennie, my dear, I know you have been silently grieved and pained for a long time on account of my absence from home every evening. I am going to turn over a new leaf and I'm going to begin to-night." Young wife—"Oh, Edwin, you don't know how happy you've made me. Cousin Jack wants me to go to the theatre with him to-night and you can take care of the baby."

"How can you afford to give a 5-cent cigar and a shave for 5 cents?" was asked of a Randolph street barber. "Oh, I give 'em the cigar first an' they go away without the shave, or I shave 'em first and they skip without the cigar."

AN old lady who has had extensive experience as a boarding-house keeper defines a genius as "a man who knows more'n he can find out, spills victles on his clothes, and doesn't pay his board regularly."



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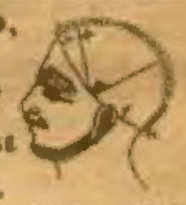

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Silk embroidery, passementerie, and braiding are the favorite trimmings of the season. Woollen dresses are trimmed with a braided border four inches deep above the hem; in some models a narrower border is added upon each seam. Silk dresses are ornamented, either in front or at the side, with a panel embroidered in silk and jet beads.

Jackets are also much braided and embroidered. Tight-fitting jackets of Louis velveteen to wear indoors, with any skirt, are very fashionable this autumn. They are made principally in dark shades of blue or green.

Some are of cashmere, trimmed with bands of silk and braided; others are of plain cloth, with passementerie ornaments.

A particularly pretty model is of mouse-gray cashmere, edged with a bias-band of blue silk, braided with fine gray silk soutache. The buttons with which it is fastened in front are of gray passementerie, embroidered with blue; they are put on in a double row and joined together by loops of fine gray silk cord. The sleeves have blue braided facings to match.

New winter mantles are mostly in the shape of the redingote, with visite sleeves. They are made of velvet, cloth, or velveteen. Those of velvet are made quite plain, excepting collar and revers of moire or gros-grain silk. The others are trimmed with braiding or with bands of fur.

Besides redingotes and visites, jackets of various descriptions are still fashionable and much worn, especially by young ladies. We have more particularly taken note of two, both in the Hungarian style—one is dark blue, braided over each seam; the other is dark heliotrope, edged with narrow gray astrakhan fur.

The short pelerine-mantle, with doubled-up sleeves, is also suitable for young ladies. It is made this season chiefly of fancy checked cloth, in dark or neutral colors, with a flow of loops of ribbon at the back, and a narrow velvet collar.

Hats have greatly changed in shape since the summer. The crown, instead of being high, is now quite low, and the brim is very broad and slanting in front, while at the back it is very narrow and slightly curled up at the edge.

The coiffure, following suit, is also much lower than in the summer, massed at the back of the head in thick loops and rouleaux, while in front short bandeaux are combed off over the temples.

The capote has not been very strikingly modified; it is, however, rather larger, so as to fit the heap and chignon.

The most novel style of trimming for bonnets consists of plush flowers of the most exquisite tints of pink, rose and heliotrope, also pale yellow shaded to deep orange. The foliage is not of plush, but is very soft and velvety.

At a late wedding in high life we noticed several bonnets of tulle and crape, trimmed with a spray of plush flowers; the strings were of tulle or crape.

Very pretty pelerines, or short capes, are worn of plain velvet, velveteen, or cloth, lined with silk: of these we have already given illustrations; there is no trimming round the edge, but only a bow of ribbon in front.

With round waists and belts buckles are come into fashion again; they are mostly of a long narrow shape, or else oval. Pearl, in soft, rich colors, old silver, or nickel, are favorite styles.

Silk, or fine cashmere in self-colors, are the appropriate style of hose just now, with embroidered clocks; shoes for walking are either of dull kid or patent leather, laced high over the instep; for the house they are quite low, with a flat bow of plain faille.

The bodice with shoulder-piece and the jacket continue to be the favorite styles for winter costumes.

The only innovation we have to note this week is that the flat pleats we were accustomed to see on bodices put on to a shoulder-piece are now frequently exchanged for strips of braid; the bodice has no pleats, gathers, or fulness whatever, and the strips of braid or galloon are put on plain, lengthwise, at regular distances. T is is especially becoming to ladies of rather stout figure, as, instead of puffing them out like the full bodice, it makes them look slighter, as vertical lines always do.

The galloons used for trimming such bodices are of various styles, according to the elegance or simplicity of the toilet. Some are of plain wool, some of plain silk, others are embroidered with silk, beads, silver or gold thread, brocaded, striped, spangled, etc. Their widths are various, but those about one-third of an inch are prettier than wider ones. Brocaded galloons, with just a touch of gold, are elegant in the extreme. A stylish model is of Florentine bronze-colored silk, trimmed bronze galloon embroidered with gold. A deep belt of the same encircles the waist, and is fastened at the side with a gilt buckle.

Strips of moire ribbon are put on some bodices in the same way as the above described galloon, and the effect is very good. The bodice with the shoulder-piece need not be of the same material as the skirt, but can be worn, like the jacket, with any skirt.

Plush is coming into fashion again, and it is such a beautiful material, so soft and glossy, that it is always a favorite, though by no means as durable as velvet. At present plush is used chiefly for jackets, lined with silk and trimmed with fancy buttons.

These jackets are of two styles. One, the out-of-door jacket, is tight-fitting at the back, with loose fronts—sometimes fastened across from the left shoulder, sometimes remaining open to show a silk vest.

The other is a jacket-bodice, perfectly tight-fitting, forming, in fact, the body of a dress. It has a short basque at the back and a point in front. Some models are quite plain, with no trimming but very small round gimp buttons; others have a narrow peaked plastron of pleated silk, with collar to match.

Plush is also employed for plain panels upon dresses of silk or cashmere. It looks very well combined with dull fabrics. Silk puffings are let in at the top of the sleeves.

Unless the material of the dress is a very thick one, sleeves are now frequently arranged in narrow pleats in the upper part, with a puffing at the elbow and deep plain wristbands. The latter are often of a different color and material.

A deep dull green, called Sardinian green, is the fashionable color of the season. Plush of this color is in great vogue for trimmings, jackets, and various accessories of the costume, for, of course, the whole toilet is not made uniformly green. But a tunic of Sardinian green cloth or cashmere looks well draped over a skirt of woollen plaid, in which a small quantity of green is combined with other colors, chiefly browns and dark red.

Green felt hats are also in much favor; gloves, stockings and slippers also appear in the same shade; and fashionable note-paper and envelopes, instead of being bright red, as they were last year, are now also of the same green hue. They are either plain, or with initials and crest, or a motto, in dead gold, in a corner of the sheet of paper and envelope, and not on the place of the seal, as heretofore.

Felt hats are still all the fashion. Very pretty ones of white felt, in the Louis XVI. shape, resembling the yachting hat, are suitable for young ladies. They are simply bound with braid and trimmed with ribbon; others are of black felt, trimmed with ribbons and feathers.

One in the "Comtesse Sarah" shape is trimmed round with black moire ribbon, with a large bow of the same close under the turned-up part of the brim, and a cloud of black tulle at the top, from which spring two black wings.

Short, loose jackets are very fashionable just now. An elegant model is of dark green cloth, and opens in front over a plastron of green silk brocaded with silver.

Odds and Ends.

SOME WORK FOR TASTEFUL HANDS.

A heavy cushion is indispensable to any lady who does much and many large pieces of work. The upper part may be easily contrived from a wooden collar-box that is round and deep. This is covered with plush or embroidered satin, and then must be partitioned into two by a strip of wood, also covered with the same material.

The inside of the box is likewise lined with satin. A lath of thin wood, covered and neatly lined, must be cut and fixed across from side to side of the box to form a handle. The heavy cushion itself is composed of a round piece of lead which is covered with flannel first, then with plush. The wooden box is then sewn firmly to the plush cover of the lead cushion, so that the handle of the box serves as a handle to the cushion. The outside must be ornamented with a satin ruche, and a similar ruche is carried over the handle, and the two sides where they join the base are finished by dainty bows of ribbon.

The two compartments into which the box is divided are very useful for holding reels of cotton, thimble and similar necessaries.

Should a very serviceable box be required, colored merino may be used instead of richer materials, and the lead may be well wrapped up in cotton wool and flannel before being covered with plush, so as to give deeper hold, as it were, for the pins.

Brocaded materials still hold their place in popular favor. A useful as well as ornamental box for string can be made very easily of the following materials:

A stout round cardboard box such as collars are packed in, with a good lid, brocade, gold paper beading, colored paper, and some liquid glue. Cut first of all a round piece of brocade to fit flatly on the top of the box. Glue it smoothly and neatly to the box. Next cut a piece of brocade to fit exactly round the lower part of the box. Glue this likewise into place, taking care that the edges fit neatly where they meet. Line the inside of the box (if necessary) with the colored paper. Stick the gold beading wherever there are imperfections to be hidden, as round the top piece of brocade on the lid, round the outside of the lid, and round the top and bottom of the lower part of the box, over the raw edges of the brocade. Now bore a round hole in the centre of the lid of the box, stick a round piece of gold paper, also with a hole in the centre, over this hole. The ball of string goes into the box, and the end is brought out through the hole.

The utility of the box is much increased if a small band of brocade be glued to the side to hold a pair of scissors. These boxes look very pretty if they are made of cretonne instead of brocade, and when filled with string form useful presents or valuable adjuncts to a bazaar stall. Pretty gold and colored gimp may be substituted for the gold paper if preferred.

A novel wall-pocket is thus made: Procure a small ordinary wooden picture-frame, such as is now to be had at very small cost, twist a colored ribbon round all four sides, finishing off each corner with a natty little bow. Cut a piece of crash, holland, Turkey twill, or any similar material the exact size of the frame, measured inside, hem it all round, don't ornament the top part of it with any selected design. Cut a second piece of the same material half the length and double the width of the first piece, hem or bind this also, embroider it prettily, fold it into a box pleat so that it is the same width at the bottom as the flat piece. Sew the two pieces together down the sides and at the bottom. Lay the pocket thus made against the picture-frame, and lace it firmly on the wrong side to the ribbon that has been twisted round the frame. Finally, add about half a yard of ribbon to the two top corners of the frame to hang it up by. These are quite novelties, and would be useful for many purposes. In a larger size they will hold newspapers and a variety of odds and ends that it is always difficult to find a settled place for in a house.

Book covers form useful gifts for either ladies or gentlemen, made of satin with the name of the book handsomely embroidered on them in gold-colored silk or tinsel. The measurements for a cover of this kind are taken by cutting the satin the exact width of the book, and folding three inches of it over the covers into the inside of the book at the two sides. Hem it neatly all round. The three inches over at each end must be sewn down the sides so as to make a kind of flat pocket into which the cover of the book can be slipped. The second pocket, of course, must be sewn up after the cover of the book is in place.

A lovely quilt or bed-spread may be made of an arrangement of squares alternately of guipure d'art and linen. They all measure about five inches and a half across. The linen squares are of the same size without counting a three-quarter inch hem, which runs all round them. A handsome geometric pattern, similar to those sometimes seen on tiles is traced on them and embroidered in two shades of china blue, light and dark. The heavy parts of the embroidery are done in satin stitch, and the lighter parts in crewel or outline stitch.

The guipure squares alternate with the linen ones, and a border of embroidered linen to match the squares and about five inches wide, is sewn on all round. The edge of this in its turn is finished with a blue cotton tassel fringe, the shades of which exactly match those used for the embroidery.

Red may be used instead of blue for the needlework, and squares of drawn linen or white thick embroidery used instead of the blue. Squares of Turkey twill, too, look handsome with the lace. A quilt like this forms an acceptable present, and in families where such anniversaries are kept, would be a very handsome and appropriate gift for a "cotton" wedding.

Confidential Correspondents.

BROOKS.—The estimated population of New York is 1,435,250.

SCRIB.—Wheat is nitrogenous food, as are all lean meats, while fatty substances come under the head of carbonaceous food.

MEMO.—You are highly complimentary in crediting us with knowing all about the mysteries of the conjurer's art. We greatly regret that we cannot justify your high estimate of our acquirements, but we never professed to know everything.

CUISINIER.—There is certainly no impropriety in a young lady going to a jeweler's shop with her fiance to fit on the engagement ring. Usually, however, the purchase is made by the gentleman alone, who provides himself with a ring to indicate the size.

FACHEUX.—There are two reasons why you ought not to read any work on the subject you ask us not to mention: 1. It is far better to write your essay all "out of your own" head than to vamp it up from books; (2) there are no such books to vamp it up from.

ARTISTIC.—The only way of indelibly marking scarlet monograms on linen is by embroidering them with cotton thread dyed with alizarine Turkey red. There is no indelible dye that can be stamped on. The Turkey red process takes many separate operations and many days to produce the color.

DECADES.—The Muses, the goddesses who presided over the arts and sciences, were these: Calliope, epic poetry; Clio, history; Erato, love songs; Euterpe, lyric poetry; Melpomene, tragedy; Polyhymnia, sacred poetry; Terpsichore, choral song and dance; Thalia, comedy and idyllic poetry; Urania, astronomy.

SAILOR.—"If the boots and shoes should turn out unsatisfactory" is quite correct, for what you want to express is the result of the trial rather than the manner of conducting it. At the same time, the phrase is not elegant; and we should prefer to say, "If the boots and shoes should prove to be unsatisfactory."

DET. — Appointments to the United States Military Academy at West Point are usually made one year in advance of the date of admission. Appointees must be between 17 and 22 years of age, free from any infirmity, and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography and the history of the United States.

ANXIOUS.—The patches on your tongue might arise from several causes; but at your age—twenty—it is extremely improbable that they are of a cancerous nature. Moreover, the fact that they have been there for two years is against the supposition. But as they do not seem to be improving at all, you would do well to show the tongue to a surgeon and be guided by his advice.

O. L. R.—A wrangler, in (English) college phrase, is one who has obtained a place in the highest mathematical examination. The first man of the class is termed the senior wrangler; the rest are rated each according to his respective merit, as second, third, fourth and so on. In the Middle Ages college exercises were called disputations, and those who performed them were disputants. Hence the idea of wrangling.

BIANCA.—The "Victoria Cross" is a Maltese cross of bronze, with Queen Victoria's crest in the center, underneath which is a scroll bearing the inscription "For Valor." It is awarded to officers and men of the British army who show conspicuous bravery in the presence of the enemy. The order was inaugurated in June, 1856, at the close of the Crimean war. British soldiers possessing the decoration are entitled to write V. C. after their names.

DARKE.—What on earth have you to do with his relatives? If he lives apart from them, then their peculiarities cannot influence your life. We know many people who are compelled to deny certain persons the right of entry to their houses; and the precaution makes no difference in the happiness of the married couples. You marry a man, but you do not marry his relatives. Keep away from them, and do not punish a poor fellow merely because some of his connections are disreputable.

READER.—That a man has been wild in his youth, does not prove he will not make a good husband. That your lover has the manliness to confess his faults is a proof that he is honest and so far worthy of confidence. His having a good business is another thing in favor of his present steadiness and the sincerity of his promises. We think you can well trust and marry him. 2. When a man declares his love for a woman, it implies marriage of course, although he may not mention it at the time. Marriage is merely love carried to its natural consummation.

P. S.—You say you love a young lady who is living in another part of the same county, but have never told her so, and meanwhile you are walking one or two evenings a week with her cousin and taking her to church and to places of amusement, she, however, knowing that you are already "bespoken," and encouraging you in your affection for her relative. You ought not, it seems to us, to run the risk of gaining your friend's affections, in spite of herself, by paying her so much attention while still unengaged. Why not "state your case" to her cousin? Then, if you are accepted, and she urges no objection, you may enjoy the other's friendship. If, however, there are reasons why you should not speak out at present, you ought certainly to be less attentive to your friend—for her sake if on no other ground.

J. A. R.—The moon is "new" when she is between the sun and the earth and presents her dark side to us. As she moves to the east of the sun a small part of her luminous surface becomes visible. When she is forty-five degrees from the sun we see a little more of the illuminated portion. She is now more and more in the east every evening at sunset, and the crescent of light gets broader and broader until between seven and eight days after new moon when she exhibits a semicircle of illumination, and is said to be in her first quarter. As she moves more and more to the east of the sun the luminous portion grows in breadth: she is said to be "gibbous" when at a distance of 135 degrees, and "full" at 180 degrees—that is, when the earth is between her and the sun, so that all the illuminated portion of her surface becomes visible. The last quarter is reached when she has waned down below a semicircle.